

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The Government is changed and there has not been a single jar or joggle in anybody's private business or in any department of the public business. This should be enough to teach us that we should be more prone to change governments than to endure those who are objectionable.

When one gets a draft upon the Credit Lyonnaise in a Toronto bank, after waiting probably an hour about a wicket, behind which a clerk may or may not mentally comment upon your financial and social condition, it is a great pleasure to present the same draft at the bank in Paris. It is an enormous place, divided off into districts as it were, with a serving man, who is probably a detective as well, at every wicket. In this great place the public are at once taken hold of by the men who know the ropes, and put into line or seated, as the case may be, for sometimes the transactions desired require some official consideration. But the thing that I desire to emphasize mostly is the attention paid to strangers, attention which we deny to strangers in Toronto. Paris makes its money out of foreigners, out of those who come from all over the world to see the Capital of Gaity. The attention that is devoted to these strangers is not alone in the *cafe*, and the theater, and the place of amusement, or in a bazaar, where you are tempted to buy goods, but everywhere. In the greatest bank of Paris the stranger is accosted in the *entresol* and directed to a magnificent suite of rooms which is for the convenience of those who do not know Paris. A reading-room equipped with all the papers of the day, a library, stationery, a place to smoke, everything that a man or a woman could want, is there, and one of the assistant managers of the bank comes and asks you what you desire. You want cash on a letter of credit, or to cash a draft, or to exchange money; the task is delegated to the proper clerk. In a very few minutes, without any tedious waiting at a wicket or any embarrassing discussions when strangers' ears are listening, the whole matter is arranged. The visitor sits at a table with the pleasantest literature of his or her own country; an official of importance waits upon you; a clerk comes afterwards; and this great institution makes friends the world over by being polite to its customers and providing a few seats, and a few newspapers, and a little suite of rooms for those who may go back to their own land and open accounts which will mean a considerable profit to the Credit Lyonnaise.

It struck me that if this great institution found it profitable to be so polite to the people, a bank might try the experiment in Canada, because this sort of thing has never really been tried here. The idea here is to drive the stranger out of the door and to hit him with a club on the sidewalk if possible. The assistant agent of a bank may be awfully polite to a customer and still give him nothing. The agent of the bank himself may be abominably insolent to the customer or the stranger and still give him all he asks. It might be a profitable experiment to try the polite scheme and make it imperative that everybody be treated as if he or she were a human being of a reasonable amount of importance, leaving the matter of credit to an official who may or may not appear later on. A bank that tries the experiment of giving everybody a magnificent dose of politeness, even when they decline to give them a cent in cash, would find it pay them a splendid dividend. Indeed, the easiest way to escape the giving of a loan to a necessitous but importunate friend, is to really swamp him with politeness. In commercial affairs it would be found to be very much the same. The man who applies to a bank for a few thousand dollars and is treated like a millionaire, while the bank affects inability to meet his demands, goes away feeling quite the equal of the bank if not its superior, while the institution keeps its money and the petitioner retains his self-respect. There is something in the French scheme of standing off the borrower. There is also something in the exquisite politeness with which, as you sit on a chair in the reading-room, the trifling amount is handed you, including the exchange of a draft which has been presented as one would send an order in to the steward of a club. In Toronto the financial gentlemen think it is clever to make you stand around a wicket with a revolver on each side of it, while the matter is discussed by the directors and the clerks eat their lunch or discuss the last lacrosse match through the gratings. The bank that begins in Canada to employ the art of politeness, has sitting-rooms for those who come to transact business, will score a great mark. Furthermore, the bank that employs assistant managers who will go into these sitting-rooms and see the people and talk with them, instead of trotting everybody into a little back room to see a crabbed manager, will have popularity and standing which will be remembered even when all the banks follow the same procedure. Canada is no longer a bush country, and it is about time we ceased wearing long boots and bowie-knives, and began to cultivate the arts of civilization as they exist in the Old World, in banking business as well as in other things.

Having taken a round out of the new Ontario Marriage Act, it is only fit and proper that I should have something to say about the Act passed at the last session of the Legislature in regard to deaths. The last session was spoken of as a particularly dull one and barren of business, but it would seem that much half-digested legislation was put through nevertheless. The

information which I give here is printed just as received, although the gentleman who sent it in evidently desired me to merely use his manuscript as the basis for an article, but he has put his points so well that they could not fail to be marred if rearranged.

My DEAR DON,—Your article in your last issue of SATURDAY NIGHT in reference to the new Act regarding the solemnization of marriages interested me very much, and after reading it I felt that I could give you the basis for another article on similar lines in regard to the Act passed at the last session of the Legislature regarding the registration of deaths.

I will endeavor to be as brief as possible, and trust that you will give your readers the benefit of that deep and far-reaching pen of yours, and that a reform movement may be started that will overturn our legislators and cause them to redress the grievances that many suffer under now.

I will give you the particulars of the matter on a separate sheet, and also enclose copies of the Act and forms now in use. Yours faithfully,
UNDERTAKER.

"By section 22 you will see the routine that has to be pursued to obtain a burial permit. What I con-

Cemetery Company and to the Registrar for permission for burial, but neither would comply, as they had no authority to do so. After spending some three hours' time and a long tramp the Health Officer was found and finally a permit given. In a case like this, when the Health Officer is out of the City, the burial could not take place until his return, even though the Health Act demands it.

"Many bodies are sent from one part of the country to another, and the railway company cannot receive a body unless a permit from the Registrar accompanies it. Many deaths take place in the night and people are anxious to take an early train, or are compelled to do so in order to make connections at other points, and it is a very difficult matter to find the authorities.

"By the enclosed circular-letter, which is intended for the railway companies, the Registrar General's Department gives the railway companies instructions about transporting bodies within or into Canada. This Department has no right to deal with any part of Canada outside of the Province of Ontario, and they over-step their jurisdiction when they use the word 'Canada.'

"It is the opinion of all who have had an occasion to take out a burial permit that there is too much

statement touching any of the particulars required to be reported and entered under this Act, shall upon conviction forfeit the sum of \$50.00.

NOTICE.—The above words "Transit Permit" must be scored out by the Division Registrar in the case of a death due to anthrax, smallpox, cholera, scarlatina, diphtheria or croup, all which demand, under the Public Health Act, Cap. 245, R.S.O. 1887, private burial in a cemetery in common use by the municipality wherein the death occurred.

It certainly does seem that there is too much red tape about taking out a burial permit. Most people die natural deaths and generally their friends and relatives are plunged in sorrow, but the law seems to assume that every death is a murder and that the undertaker, and possibly the family physician, is an accomplice. It would appear on the face of it, that when a death occurs from diphtheria the rule requiring an interview with the Registrar and Health Officer is unnecessary, inconvenient, and often perhaps dangerous, for the presence of the disease in the house, the name of the patient and that of the physician in attendance are already on record, and the certificate of the physician should suffice. It is necessary to

enjoyed since Confederation. Her nationality will partly account for this, and her personality will do the rest.
DON.

With the Industrial Fair so close upon us it becomes the duty of the City of Toronto to fill its jails so chock-full of people that feet will be sticking out of every window. The wolves should be tied up while the lambs are about. The police must be aware that there are hundreds of men in town who count upon gathering sufficient plunder during the Fair to keep them from want all winter. I do not suggest that the police should lock up every man who has ever been in jail, for I believe that many a man comes from jail determined to lead an honest life, but there are men in town who have never been in jail yet scarcely ever ate an honest meal. Fake auction rooms are being opened every day. These rooms are not expected to pay this week, but the experts running them are rehearsing their parts, drilling their touts, polishing themselves smooth and smoother, so that they may be ready for Reuben when he comes. Every out-of-town newspaper should warn its readers against such places. It should be remembered that touts are not men with hoofs and tails who try to drag strangers in by the collar. I attended Police Court once when two fake auction cases were disposed of, and I will describe one of them, as they are almost identical. A young farmer (the complainant) had paused with a friend at the door of an auction room where watches were being sold. They stepped in to see what was going forward, when a man in the crowd made a bid for the watch. He was an elderly gentleman of refined appearance, gray hair, white linen. The auctioneer looked at the man and paused. "Now," he said, "I know who you are. You are a jeweler on Yonge street and you are trying to buy up these watches because I'm selling them cheaper than wholesale. I won't sell to you at any price. My instructions are to sell direct to the public. You seem to be a gentleman, and if you are you will kindly withdraw." The old gentleman, with a very dignified and injured air, stepped out. This might be expected to cause the young farmer to bid, but he did not, and presently he saw the old gentleman motioning him to come out. He went and was asked to buy the watch for the old gentleman. "You see, he won't sell to me because he knows I'm a jeweler and want to sell the watch in my store. Buy it for me—bid as high as twenty dollars, but get it for ten if you can. I'll wait for you here and make it worth your while." The young farmer very cunningly bid on the watch, got it, and, of course, could not find the nice old gentleman. However, he had the watch that the jeweler coveted and he went home, but in three days the watch wore off and showed a brass case. He came back, but the auctioneer denied the sale; then by good luck he met the "jeweler," but the latter denied having ever seen the farmer before. The latter went to the police, and the tout was arrested, the auctioneer summoned, and in the end the victim got his money back. Crown Attorney Curry had the watch valued by a jeweler, and it proved to be worth about two dollars. There is perhaps only one case in ten where the victim tries to recover his money, and not one in twenty where he succeeds.

What struck me forcibly as the case proceeded in the Police Court was the very superior appearance of the swindlers. The old rascal had the air of a scholarly gentleman, and the auctioneer looked the typical city man of business. It was no wonder that inexperienced strangers were deceived by such smooth operators. They have a dozen tricks quite as effective as the one described, and while the newspapers should expose the trick and denounce fake auction-rooms, the duty devolves upon the City of Toronto to wipe out these traps. If necessary, a dozen special detectives in plain clothes should be detailed to shadow and never leave the auction-rooms that are open during the Fair.

Two boys were swimming the other day in a river in the western part of the province, when one of them called for help and the other rushed to his rescue, and both were drowned. Perhaps it is better to die thus nobly at fourteen than to commit suicide at forty or to be hanged at fifty. The boy or the man who will risk his life for his friend has in him qualities that would almost certainly save him from the despondency that precedes suicide and the depravity that begets crime, but a high-spirited life, even if short, must yield more to the one who lives it than a long life of accumulating troubles capped by climacteric disaster. A volunteer who went through the North-West rebellion—a man of splendid physique and jolly humor—stood the trials of the campaign without turning a hair and brought home two bullet holes in his clothes, but met with an accident while at work three or four years later, and seems destined to sit in a chair for the rest of his days. He leads a very busy, a useful and a mentally vigorous life, and is surrounded by a happy and charming family, yet sometimes he must rail against the lot that has fallen to him and wish that he could exchange ten years of the life ahead of him for one year or one month of the danger and hardship and stirring adventure that he passed through when he was as fleet and strong as any man you could meet in a day's travel. Time is measured by the sensations of the soul, and not by the clocks which mechanically strike the hours from the church towers. Napoleon was born in obscurity and before middle age had become



MADAME LAURIER.

sider unnecessary and extra trouble in this clause is that the physician's certificate of death has to pass through the hands of the Medical Health Officer before the Registrar can grant the permit. The Health Officer will not dispute a physician's certificate, as he has no knowledge of the case other than what the certificate contains, therefore he simply initials it and it is passed on to the Registrar and no one is benefited by it, the Health Officer not keeping any record of it.

"You will see by enclosed registration form that they are supposed to be sent by mail to the Health Officer, and many physicians do so, but when this form is mailed to the Health Officer by the physician, the applicant for permit either has to wait until the certificate reaches the Health Officer and the Registrar (and this may take days) or else make application to the physician for another certificate, as a permit cannot be granted without a certificate initiated by the Health Officer.

"The worst feature of the whole Act is that there is so much running around to be done and no provision made for deputies to do the work. For instance, if the Health Officer is out of his office or out of town no one can get a permit until he returns, or if the Registrar is away it is the same.

"Take a place the size of Toronto with no Deputy Health Officer or Registrar, and note the distance those outside of the central district have to travel, and if either officers are out of their office the delay and trouble in finding them. In the rural districts it is far worse, for in many instances people have to travel thirty and forty miles before they can get a burial permit. During the month of July on a very hot day a resident of York Township spent nearly the whole day hunting for the Registrar and it was nearly midnight before he was able to get the permit.

"A few Sundays ago a child died of diphtheria in a house where there were several children. The health laws demand in such cases burial at the earliest possible moment, not in any case to be delayed longer than twenty-four hours. The Health Officer was over on the Island, application was made to the

red tape and unnecessary work connected with the matter, and that there should be deputies appointed in different parts of each municipality to grant permits.

"The Act should be amended at the earliest possible date so as to facilitate the means for granting permits. This could be easily arranged without doing away with any of the safeguards."

ISSUED BY THE REGISTRAR-GENERAL OF ONTARIO.		By order of the Postmaster-General. F.R.E.
RETURN OF DEATH.		
County.....		
Name and Sex.....		M. F.
Date of Death.....		
Age.....		
Residence.....	Street No. of house or lot.....	
Occupation.....		
Where Born.....		
Cause of Death and length of illness.....		
Name of Physician.....		
Religious Denomination.....		
Date of Return.....		
Signature of person making return.....		
Neglect on the part of any parent, householder or physician to comply with the Act relating to Births, Marriages and Deaths is subject to a penalty of \$10.00. (Secs. 21-22, 39 Vict., cap. 17.)		

BURIAL PERMIT.	
ALSO	
TRANSIT PERMIT.	
I hereby certify that the particulars of the death of..... resident in (at time of death)..... caused by..... have been registered by me, and that the provisions of Sections 22, 23 and 25, Chapter 17, Vict. 39, 1896, have been duly complied with.	
Signed.....	Division Registrar.
Date Issued..... 1896	Municipality of.....
Cap. 17, Vict. 39, 1896, Sec. 27. Any person who knowingly or wilfully makes, or causes to be made, a false	

have laws, but laws should be framed in such a way as to interfere as little as may be with honest people who are honestly employed, and people have an especial right to expect that they shall not be embarrassed with vexatious forms at a time when they are in the very depths of a great sorrow. My correspondent has exposed the faults in the Act regarding the registration of deaths, and I hope that the members of the Legislature will consider the matter.

On our front page to-day we give a portrait of Madame Laurier, the wife of the Premier, who will play so important a part in the social life of the capital. The other evening I saw her seated in the Speaker's Gallery of the House at Ottawa, accompanied by Miss Tarte and Mrs. Edgar, and she looks to perfection what rumor describes her, an intellectual and charming lady with the indefinable something which distinguishes the gentlewoman of New France. The Premier and Madame Laurier have a pretty country seat at Arthabaskaville, with spacious grounds and an old-fashioned residence, but it is almost certain that they will reside most of the year in Ottawa. The Premier's statement that he would endeavor to do something for Ottawa, to make it the national and natural repository for the arts and the literature of the Dominion, was probably no idle remark. Such a purpose might well move one of his temperaments, and with Madame Laurier to assist him some success should be met with. It is the opinion of many who should be able to form accurate opinions, that Madame Laurier will have a consequence in Ottawa such as the wife of no Premier has

an Emperor and almost the dictator of the earth; and once I saw an old man, said to be one hundred and ten years of age, yet he had lived like a vegetable. He had dwelt where he was put; he had aspired to nothing but what lay within instant reach—he lay in his place like a stone at the foot of a hill. Napoleon lived longer; he absorbed more of life in a day than the other did in a century.

It begins to appear that the whole business of men after a while will be to live to the very latest possible minute. Everything that contains danger to life is continually being discouraged, so that soon it may be unlawful for one man to risk his life in attempting to save that of another. A young man has come into the world of late—he may be found here and there—who ridicules enthusiasm of any kind and avoids exertion. He is the unmoved spectator of games that excite others, and he does not enter the battle of life unless he is encompassed by the strife and cannot escape. He lives upon his mother's pin-money—wheedles her pocket-money from her and spends it on champagne and Turkish cigarettes, and when she dies he subsists upon the affection of his sisters. In him are incarnated the ultimate motives of the age—to get as much as possible without effort, and self-preservation at present and for as long as possible. Had Columbus been such a person, either myself or the energetic reader might have been on the Atlantic searching for America at the present moment. Had Samuel been such a person he would have taken an opiate when the Lord called him the first time, and so escaped further disturbance; Noah would have found the Ark a beastly nuisance, and Adam would never have discovered Eve in the garden at all.

In sharp contrast with characters such as these is a personality like that of the late Hon. W. D. Balfour. He was a man with a motor power within him. For years his health was such that he might have claimed those exemptions which are everywhere accorded to invalids, but the inadequacies of his body only served to impress his spirit with the necessity for making sharp, quick strides towards the goal that had been always in view. If he had cared to husband his diminishing vitality he might have lived a few years longer, but he would never have reached the position which he occupied at the hour of his death, nor would he have left behind the name which he has left. The weeks, months or years that he might possibly have gained had he begun two years ago to miser up his physical resources by leaning and leeching upon others as so many invalids do, would have been full of regrets and self-commiseration. Instead of ten years of half-life he chose five years of full-life, gained the height which he had hoped to reach, and who shall say that his choice was unwise? It is rather pathetic that he should have died almost immediately upon gaining a place in the Provincial Ministry, but it is better that he should have gained it and died than that he should have lost it and died in defeat. John Clark of North Grey was elected a member of Parliament, but passed away before he could take his seat in the House, and in a case such as this we are in the habit of deploring the fact that the cup was struck from the hand of the victor, whereas we should express pleasure that the man whose days were numbered was honored and uplifted while he was yet able to experience feelings of gratification. When John Clark, M.P., lay in his shroud no man begrudged him the victory he had won in North Grey. It was a finer thing to make W. D. Balfour Secretary of State for Ontario a month before he died, than it would have been to erect a monument over his clay a month after he had died. The rival claimants who contested with him for the honor that he won, all the influences that resisted him, are hushed and softened by his death. The defeated at last glory in the defeat which they sustained.

The most touching thing about Mr. Balfour's case is the statement of his father, that after the Provincial Secretary had been installed in office he said to his father: "Now I am at last in a position where I can help you." The young man who goes into the world to accomplish something larger than has been undertaken by other members of his family, always, if he is properly constituted, cherishes as his pet project the doing of something handsome for his parents. He tells himself that the moment he can afford to do it he will establish his father and mother in a comfort somewhat more ample and secure than they have ever enjoyed. He plans the whole thing. He sees it just a little way ahead of him—a comfortable home, with trees and lawn, and stables, a man to work the garden, and a servant to keep the house, a fat pony to drive. He figures how much it will take to maintain such a place, and the sum is not large compared with what he earns himself or hopes soon to earn. But a year goes by and the plan cannot be realized—another year and another. As the son advances point by point he finds that while his income grows, the demands upon him increase and he must meet these demands or lose his grip upon success. He begins to foresee bigger triumphs in the world than he had formerly aimed at, and while he cannot carry out just yet the plan he had made for helping his parents, he elaborates the plans and figures upon larger acreage and finer appointments. Then some day he is stunned to hear that one of his parents has passed away, and it is too late. He knows then that a fine house cannot make a home; he feels that a little thing actually done is better than a great thing mentally projected. There is human nature in this, and all men plan wiser than they act and mean better than they perform. Mr. Balfour reached his goal—at last he was able, and he had ever been willing to share success with the father whom he held in affection, but he was struck down. The dream dissipated in air as it has done in millions of cases since the first father grew old and the first son wandered afar off, and such dreams will often fail before the last trump brings the extravaganza of life to an end.

This idea, in its general application, might be put into the shape of a fable something like this: A man lay helpless in his hut and sent his son forth into the world to bring him food. The son was generous and resolved to show

great bounty to his father. He searched the trees and raked the earth and at last he found a potato. "This will make him a meal," he said. But on reflection he concluded that one potato was not such an offering as a good son should make to his father, and so he resolved to cut his potato into seed and plant it and grow such a crop as would delight the eyes of his father. Then he planted it and waited for it to grow, and as he waited he planned that some of the crop he would boil in a pot, and some he would fry in a pan, and some he would store up against future want. But just as the plant came out of the ground one came to him and said: "Your father has been dead these many days. O wicked and heartless son, to let him die of hunger while you are here multiplying food to sell for gain to the merchants." And the son went unblest and they that met him abhorred him for that he was cruel.

Social and Personal.

A church convention is to be held in Toronto next month, similar to the very successful and popular gatherings recently inaugurated in England. These conventions are informal, progressive, and bound to do good. At them the privilege of "talking back" will be granted to the laity. Some of the most popular, sensible, and latter-day preachers, high in the esteem of the ordinary people and in prominence in church circles, are to be invited to this convention. I hear of Dr. Courtney, Bishop of Nova Scotia, whose name is one to conjure by, the Bishop of Huron, who is certainly eloquent and leads a tremendous evangelical following, and Dr. McConnell, who is a typical clergyman from the land of the Stars and Stripes. In 1881, when I first met Dr. McConnell, he was Archdeacon of Middletown, Conn.; afterwards he was for many years rector of St. Stephen's church, Philadelphia, and is now, I hear, in Brooklyn. Toronto people will meet in him a rarely magnetic and charming man, cultured, refined and sympathetic, quite an athlete, and one sure to meet his laity half way in broad and liberal thought. The proposed convention should be of great interest and benefit to Toronto Anglicans, who are apt to fall into ruts of thought and become narrowed. In England these conventions, to use the phrase I heard describing them, "set the towns on fire," and have done incalculable benefit.

Mrs. Phillips of Queen's Park has returned from Muskoka.

Mrs. W. A. Baird will receive at Aikenshaw, Toronto Junction, on Tuesday and Wednesday, August 25 and 26.

The Yacht Club Monday dinner and dance this week was blessed by lovely, cool, moonlight weather, and the rooms were filled with a merry crowd of young people who danced *con amore* to the music of the harpers. The balconies were the rendezvous for the usual groups of chaperones and non-dancers. A few people were over for dinner—several parties postponed their visit until a warm wave arrives from the Observatory—having determined to dine *à fresco* whenever they visit the Yacht Club. Among those over on Monday were: Mr. and Mrs. George Warwick, Mrs. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Gundy of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. Harley Roberts, Miss Leila Macdonald, Mrs. and Miss Louie Chadwick, Mr. Vaux Chadwick, Mrs. and Miss Stewart, Mr. Sievert and party, Mr. Mackay, Mr. Melvin-Jones, Dr. Leslie, Dr. Thistle, Mr. John Reid, Mrs. Charles Reid, Miss Reid, Mr. and Miss Cowan, Miss McNaught, Messrs. and the Misses Sloane, Miss Queenie Ferguson, Mr. Castell Hopkins, Mrs. G. H. Gooderham, Mr. Harry O'Reilly, Mr. Footte, Mrs. Joe Beatty and Mr. Charles Moss.

The interest of Harrison and Mount Forest society circles centered in a marriage that was celebrated at the former place on the evening of August 4, when Helen Maud, daughter of Mr. D. Clapp, B.A., Public School Inspector for North Wellington, became the wife of Mr. James N. Scott of Mount Forest. The ceremony was performed by Rev. M. C. Cameron, B.D., before a number of the relatives and intimate friends. The bride was gowned in white *fillee*, and her sister, Miss Florence Clapp, who acted as bridesmaid, wore white India silk. The groomsmen were the bridegroom's brother, Mr. Tom Scott. Mr. and Mrs. Scott left on the evening train for a trip to the Thousand Islands, and to Eastern cities.

The Port Cockburn regatta took place on Friday of last week. Masters Frazer and Scully won the boys' single; Messrs. Verner and Williamson the men's double sculls; Mr. McLeod and Miss MacKay, tandem canoe; Messrs. Williamson and Bishop, gentlemen's tandem canoe; Mr. G. Hyslop, the swimming race; Messrs. Robinson and Manning won ladies' double sculls; Mr. Lloyd, the campers' swimming race. The starter was Dr. Fulton; judges, Mr. Little and Dr. Ayr. In the evening a hop was given by Mr. Frazer to the guests, for which the hotel and grounds were illuminated by Chinese lanterns. Prizes were distributed by Mrs. Fulton during the evening. Mr. Alex. Frazer did everything to make the occasion a success. On Wednesday a concert, which was held in aid of the Fresh Air Fund, was a decided success. Amongst those who contributed to the programme were: Mr. Artingale, Mrs. Artingale of Philadelphia, Mrs. Keltie of Hamilton, Miss Bay of Baltimore, Miss Fulton of Philadelphia, Miss Huston of Toronto, Mr. Fauld of Toronto, Messrs. Robinson and Griffith of Hamilton. The programmes were got up on birch bark and were prettily decorated by the ladies.

Mr. G. Little of Toronto was the recipient of a presentation from his many friends at the Summit House. Mr. Alex. Frazer, on behalf of the boys, made a suitable speech, which was responded to by Mr. Little in feeling terms.

The touching illness and death, on Wednesday evening, of the Provincial Secretary has aroused the sympathy of Toronto in an unusual manner. To those who knew him, Mr. Balfour's appointment gave subtle gratification as a meet reward for half a lifetime of hard and anxious striving, with pluck and energy, for a victory against circumstances. "I'm glad he got it," was the

universal remark. Proportionately great is the chagrin and regret at his untimely decease, only on the threshold of success. Mr. Balfour was an interesting character, always associated by many points of resemblance in his mind with that of the late Rev. D. J. Macdonnell. Both were intensely earnest and nervously active, both broad in religious views, both Presbyterians, and both physically strong and physically delicate. As the Provincial Secretary lay quiet and still in his narrow coffin on Thursday, one recurring involuntarily to the thought, "after life's fitful fever he sleeps well!"

Dr. Alexander M. Ross of this city has received from the Imperial Russian Government valuable portraits of the Emperor and Empress of Russia in their coronation robes, as souvenirs of the recent coronation ceremonies at Moscow. Russians will be cordially welcome to view the portraits of their Majesties.

While out sailing with some friends recently on his yacht Heckla, Mr. E. Apter was the happy recipient of a present in the shape of a fine meerschaum pipe. He was completely taken by surprise, but managed to make a very neat speech.

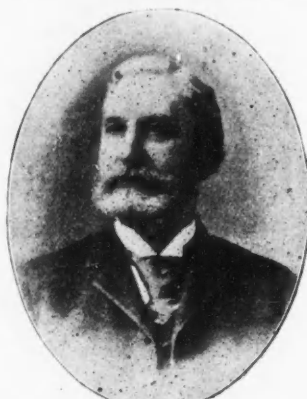
Misses Lillie and Ella Knight of Maitland street have returned, having spent two weeks with their parents in Alliston.

Mr. Charles R. Knight of Palmerston, his wife and little daughter Isabel, are the guests of Mr. James Graham, 574 Church street.

Mr. A. A. Burk, banker, of Alliston, spent Sunday last in the city.

Mr. J. W. Henderson, inspector of the North of Scotland Loan and Mortgage Company, Mrs. Henderson, Miss Bella Henderson, Miss Bellamy, Mr. Emerson Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hansford and daughter, who have been spending the summer at their cottage in Flesherston, have returned to their homes at 220 Carlton street and 9 Carlton avenue.

Among the many delightful visitors to Toronto a few summers ago, when the Typothetic convention was held here, was Mr. Joseph J. Little, the well known publisher of Astor place, New York. Mr. Little has recently



Mr. Joseph J. Little.

received his Masonic appointment as Grand Representative of the Grand Lodge of England from H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, Grand Master. That Mr. Little will bear his honors gracefully and do credit to that or any other representative position, those who have the pleasure of his acquaintance have no doubt. SATURDAY NIGHT congratulates Grand Representative Little on his appointment.

The ladies' committee of the Athletic Club are to give a tennis dance in the gymnasium at the close of the tennis tourney, tickets for which may be had at the club. The dance will be held on September 2. At the meeting last week Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mrs. Palmer, Miss Crooks, Mrs. Walter S. Lee and Mrs. Howard made preliminary arrangements.

A very jolly house party is always on hand at the summer residence of Mr. Henry Cawthra in Cobourg, the house owned and usually occupied by Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther. This summer Mrs. Crowther has spent with her sister, Mrs. Hollier, in British Columbia. Mrs. Crowther returned home this week.

Mrs. Lumbers' birthday party at Balmy Beach on Friday of last week, in celebration of her son Walter having attained his majority, was much enjoyed by a large number of guests. The usual features of a Beach party, bon-fire and illuminations, were on a grand scale.

Rev. Charles W. Gordon is in Toronto, visiting his brothers, Drs. G. and A. Gordon. Mr. Gordon leaves next week for Ottawa, where he is to be the guest of their Excellencies Lord and Lady Aberdeen at Rideau Hall. Mr. Gordon is a young Presbyterian parson, and much thought of by the Governor-General and his amiable lady.

The fortnightly dance at Sahara this week was most enjoyable, the cool moonlight evening being just the thing for an Island dance.

I hear of an engagement between a certain charming widow and a well known legal gentleman, which will, if confirmed, be subject for congratulations.

Mrs. H. J. Wilson, wife of Dr. Wilson of College street, and her sons, Norman and Kenneth, are at Glen Rowan, Jackson's Point.

Cyclists who have enjoyed the macadam of Beverley street are using wild epithets on finding it covered with a layer of broken stone. The explanation is that the former grading was too low, but even after one receives it one is apt to be just as cross.

Dr. Alton H. Garratt and Dr. Harris returned this week from their European tour, having enjoyed it greatly. Mrs. Garratt returned also from Prince Edward County.

At half-past three on Wednesday of last week Dr. Lehmann and Miss Janie Cameron of Woodstock were married, the event taking place at the residence of the bride's parents at Woodstock, and the

ceremony being performed by Rev. Mr. Farthing, rector of St. Paul's. Miss Cameron's wedding dress was of rich white satin, with veil and orange blossoms. Her bridesmaid was Miss Winnie Pattullo of Woodstock, who was a most charming attendant, and Dr. Thistle was best man. Some very elegant gifts were presented to the bride, especially noticeable being a case of silver from her brother, Hon. J. D. Cameron. Dr. and Mrs. Lehmann will reside on Spadina avenue, and no doubt the young matron will rival the popularity which the bridegroom has always enjoyed in social circles.

Many of the attendants at the services held at St. Andrew's Anglican church at the Island are Presbyterians, to whom many of the terms in use by the Church of England are unfamiliar. After last Sunday's service, at which a notice was given of a collection to be taken up to-morrow in aid of some Missionary Diocese, a small kirk lassie remarked at the dinner table: "Mamma, I think I had better open my bank. They gave out in church to-day that the collection next Sunday was to be for the Dyases, and they are nice people, so I would like to help." As the family in question are leading members of the Island congregation, both they and their friends had a good laugh at the small girl's generosity.

Miss Mabel Howden of Watford is visiting the Misses Carty of Jarvis street. Miss Howden is visiting Mrs. Tanner of Ulster street.

Amongst the announced weddings for October is that of Mr. F. S. Baker, late of Barrie, now practicing in Toronto, and Miss Florence M. Kenrick of London, Eng., niece of Mr. Colin W. Postlethwaite of Wellington place, with whom she has been visiting for some time. The ceremony will take place in St. John's church.

Among the guests of Ferndale House, Muskoka, during the past week are: Miss Owen, Mrs. Rayen of Youngstown, Mr. and Miss Henderson, Miss Cole, Miss Roper and Miss Watlington of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Thompson of Hamilton.

Hon. T. Mayne Daly was in town this week.

Mr. James Iredale of Cleveland is visiting in the city.

Miss Rachel Levy, a charming young lady and a favorite in London society, has just arrived here from England on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Alfred D. Benjamin of Sherbourne street.

The marriage of Miss Louise Closson, daughter of Dr. L. D. Closson of Spadina avenue, to Mr. William J. Thomson, a popular young business man of New York, is announced to take place on Tuesday next.

Another engagement is being talked about and will perhaps be announced next week.

The Island Aquatic Association sports are to be held at Long Pond, Center Island, to-day.

A good many people of consequence took the train for Ottawa this week.

Rev. Dr. Harrison, who has been for a long time ill in Grace Hospital, has returned home convalescent.

The theatrical season is again upon us. The Grand Opera House will open on August 31 with The Old Homestead, which will run for the two weeks of the Fair. The Toronto Opera House will also open on the same day with George Munro in A Happy Little Home. The Princess Theater will open on September 7 with Superba.

A party of ladies were having a desultory chat the other day, when one of them, a rather *posse* feminine, remarked: "I'd starve before I'd earn my own living; it's so unfeminine." And quick as a wink she got her medicine: "Please don't talk like a tramp!"

Recent arrivals at the Penetanguishene are: Mrs. Lyman Moore, Miss Moore, Miss Reitta Moore and Mr. Robert B. Ferrie of Hamilton, Mrs. Killaly, Capt. and Mrs. Gamble of Toronto, Mr. Allan Jones of Barrie, Mr. W. F. Kerr, Miss Edith Kerr of Cobourg, Miss Ethel Matthews, Mr. Remy Elmsley of Toronto, Mr. I. H. Elmsley, Mr. Claude Elmsley, Mr. Basil Elmsley, Mr. Gabriel Elmsley and Mr. Theodore Elmsley of Ramsgate, Eng., Mr. T. H. Lofthouse and Mr. C. L. Lofthouse of Nassau, N. P., West Indies, Mr. and Mrs. T. Jeff Duncan, Miss Ina Duncan of Washington, Pa., Mr. Alex. Henderson of Glasgow, Scotland, Rev. J. S. Hand of Toronto, Mr. E. Rogerson of LeRoy, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Frost of Richmond, Va., Mr. and Mrs. Ainsley of Toronto, Mrs. Barklay and the Misses Barklay of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Ardagh, Dr. and Mrs. A. F. Webster, Miss Hessin, Mr. Arthur White, Mr. F. A. Nott, Miss Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Alley of Toronto, Mrs. R. Butterworth and Miss Butterworth of Windsor.

All sorts of people go to the Roof Garden. Senators, silly Sybs and gaping Janes are to be seen there, women of fashion and scrub-ladies, men about town and enterprising newsboys, grandpapas and infants, and on Tuesday night a pretty little bird crawled in under the eaves and took a reserved seat on the Japanese fan on the stage background. This little bird should be discouraged. He was neither a reporter nor a shareholder, and beat his way in in the most brazen manner, behaving a great deal worse than a society lady at the theater, for he flew all over the place and finally sneaked out by the way he came.

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TORONTO

Social and Personal.

Colonel and Mrs. Denison returned from Muskoka on Monday.

Mrs. James Carruthers and her party of young people returned from Port Sandfield on Saturday.

The Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. Boddy returned last week from a holiday in Muskoka.

The many friends of Mr. Henry Goulding are much concerned at his continued ill-health. It is to be hoped he will soon be enabled to return to his beautiful residence on Jarvis street.

Mrs. Robert Smith (nee Lizars) and Miss Kathleen Lizars of Stratford were in town for a short visit last week, and were the guests of Mrs. E. M. Chadwick at her Island residence.

Major-Gen. Hogge, who visited Toronto this month, renewed many old acquaintances made during his season of Canadian service some thirty years ago. By the way, that mention reminds me that a rumor has become current that the volunteers of '66 are to receive some recognition of their services during the Fenian Raid in the shape of a grant of land in the North-West. As some of our citizen soldiers were mere boys at the time of the Raid, they will not even at this late date be too old to appreciate the tardy acknowledgment.

All along the water front to the east of the city were various enjoyable doings last Saturday. Balm Beach residents, numbering some of the kindest of souls, and Kew Beach as assistants and guests, held a garden party for the purpose of augmenting the relief fund for the persecuted Armenians. Cyclists were there by scores, plenty of pretty girls, and shoals of nice things for sale. Bonfires and lantern illuminations were much in evidence after dark. During the afternoon the band of the 48th Highlanders played in Munro Park, where several picnics were held. Victoria Park was crowded as usual. One is struck by the pig-headedness of certain authorities which compels cyclists and other visitors to Munro Park to plod through a mass of sand and dust for half a mile between the present terminus of the railway and the entrance to the new park. Even were the road passable it would be much more pleasant to have the car lines extended; as it is, the hinderers to such extension are simply shortsighted and their policy a regular nuisance.

Miss Trixie Hamilton, daughter of Colonel Hamilton of the Queen's Own Rifles, and granddaughter of Mr. Henry Pellatt, who has a summer residence in Orillia, made a highly successful debut as an elocutionist on Friday evening of last week in the new Orillia Opera House, which is, by the way, one of the finest in the province, with its seating capacity of one thousand persons. The talent and thorough training evinced by Miss Hamilton is highly creditable to herself and the Whitty Ladies' College, from which institution she recently graduated with the degree of M.E. and the gold medal for elocution. She showed herself thoroughly familiar with the proper inflection and gesture for both prose, monologues and poetical selections. She has a charming stage presence, and as she recited her various numbers the audience showed its delighted appreciation by repeated encores. The artists assisting were: Miss Kate Archer, M.B., of Toronto, who delighted everyone by her graceful movements and her magnificent work on the violin; Mr. R. K. Barker of Toronto, whose equal as a comic singer has seldom been heard here, and who has a deep rich voice and was loudly applauded; and Mr. Reggie Chase of Orillia, who is an accomplished banjo player. The pianist was Miss Grant of New York.

Several citizens of prominence have regretted closing up their residences this summer during prolonged absence from home, the rude and ruthless burglar having visited and despoiled the same. It is risky leaving valuables unguarded, and the annoyance of thinking that James and Jane are entertaining their friends in one's home is even discounted by the tragedy of finding that home ransacked from cellar to garret, and one's best furs and most cherished jewels abstracted.

One of the coziest little summer homes in the East End is Victoria Villa, in the park on the cliffs near Scarborough, which is the residence of Ald. T. W. and Mrs. Davies and their four sons. Victoria Park is part of Mr. Davies' property and under his constant supervision, as might be expected from his residence within its limits, is a most desirable and orderly resort. Mr. Davies has recently enlarged the grounds about his pretty little home, and the garden, at fresco dining-room and every accessory are spick and span, for the alderman's gude-wife is a famous housekeeper and loves pretty surroundings.

I am told that a good deal of jealousy and malice obtains in certain smart summer hosteleries since the selection of the fittest, as regards guests to be bidden to afternoon teas, has been the fashion. It is one of the delusions of people anxious to make friends with the inner circle, that a residence at a summer hotel entitles them to a degree of intimacy with all the guests thereat. And it is one of the rude awakenings, to which the smartest are subject, to find themselves left out of some festivity taking place under the common roof. I hear that feathers have been ruffled and tempers made hot in various localities on this account, but one must be reasonable and submit to the line being drawn, as it should, in these matters.

Which reminds me of a funny thing I once heard in England. A remarkably handsome girl, whose soul was set on social distinction, was reading an account of a very grand function, and cried out impatiently to her mother, a placid British matron, "Oh, I'd give anything to go to those affairs." "Well, don't worry over it, for you never will," said the matron conclusively. For months the girl longed for the Dead Sea fruit, then she married a very rich man, who was afterwards "pitchforked into a pease," as a man contemptuously expressed it. The pretty girl made a lovely peeress, and in short order was of course in London and a guest at very smart affairs. Her mother was moved to remark: "Well,



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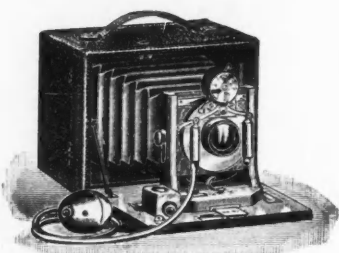
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you go where you please now, at all events! and the lovely woman shook her head. "It's just the same old round," she said wearily; "only I think people are even stupider than they used to be."

Several excursion parties are being arranged to go to Grimsby for Sunday and Monday, when Dr. Talmage is to preach and lecture. Some very clever and interesting lectures are brightening the last two weeks of the Canadian Chautauqua.

The arrivals at Woodington House, Muskoka, are: Mrs. E. A. O'Meara, Dr. R. G. and Mrs. McLaughlin, Miss and Miss M. Carter, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Skirrow, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Skirrow, Mr. V. Boyd of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Baker of Stouffville, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Shiras, Miss Marie Shiras of Kansas, Mr. G. A. M. Yumney of Hamilton; Mrs. K. C. Buck, Mrs. E. S. King of St. Louis, Mo., Mr. W. P. Loan, Mr. J. L. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Miss Adele Boulton, Mr. J. Herbert Mason, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, Mr. and Mrs. F. H.

Mr. and Mrs. John O'Connor, Miss Gladys O'Connor and Miss Jessie Sims are the guests of Mrs. Kerr of Port Hope.

Miss May Ridley of Grace Hospital, Detroit, is spending her vacation with her parents at their home, 65 Winchester street.

The arrivals at Hotel Hanlan last week were: Miss E. Tapping of Woodstock, Mr. and Mrs. E. Rose of Buffalo, Mrs. D. McBean of Port Arthur, Mrs. Duggan of Hamilton, Miss Duggan of New York, Mr. H. Yates of London, Mr. Charles E. L. Porteous of Montreal, Mr. A. D. Mason of Worcester, Mass., Mr. G. A. M. Yumney of Hamilton; Mrs. K. C. Buck, Mrs. E. S. King of St. Louis, Mo., Mr. W. P. Loan, Mr. J. L. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Miss Adele Boulton, Mr. J. Herbert Mason, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, Mr. and Mrs. F. H.

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Cragg of Toronto, Mr. N. W. F. Bain of Winnipeg, Mr. A. S. Dalley of Buffalo, Mrs. Frank Henderson of Memphis, Tenn.

Miss Gooderham of Waveny is another autumn bride whose wedding will interest many friends, both the bride-elect and the happy man, Mr. Beatty, being Toronto-born and *tres-connus*. The event will probably take place in October.

Miss Marion Wilkie is away from town.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Hyslop have returned from Muskoka. They are planning a European trip and intend leaving about the middle of September.

Mr. Pearse of Stanley Barracks has returned from a holiday at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Colonel Grasset sailed for England on Wednesday.

Mrs. W. H. Oliphant is visiting her friend, Miss Addie Holmes, at her summer residence on Butterfield Lake, Redwood, New York.

Mr. John Doyle of the Waldorf Hotel is in the city visiting Mr. J. G. Hall of Cumberland street.

Mrs. Robert Smith (nee Lizars) and her sister, Miss Kathleen Lizars of Stratford, have just given to their publishers their new book. In the Days of the Canada Company. Miss Lizars will be remembered for her clever assistance to the woman's issue of the *Globe*, and she and her sister, Mrs. Smith, have written what promises to be a very interesting and charming history of those days of the Canada Company. The old Canada Company's offices on King street, lately deserted, one of the landmarks of Toronto, are familiar to us all. We shall soon know from the facile pens of these clever Lizars sisters what an interesting history the Canada Company has. Briggs is to bring out the book this fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Unwin of Grimsby, who have been spending a few days with Mrs. Ruthven of Beverley street, have returned home.

The managers of the Toronto School of Cookery have secured an excellent teacher from the Philadelphia School of Cookery and will re-open on October 1 at 18 Elm street. Those wishing to join the classes can get all information as to terms at the Y. W. C. A., 18 Elm street.

Mrs. S. E. Priestman of South Parkdale is visiting at Port Colborne, the guest of her brother, Dr. M. F. Haney.

Mrs. Andrew Smith and party, who have been summering at Port Sandfield, returned home on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gooderham are away from town.

The hospitable doors of Maplecroft have not been closed this summer for the usual visit of the family to Old Orchard or the Continent. I hear of a trousseau on the way for a September wedding, when one of the daughters of the house is to change her name.

On Monday last the Genesee Camp gave their annual taffy pull to the guests of the Summit House, Port Cockburn. The boys rendered several selections, among which was their special feature, The German Band, which was received with great applause.

Among the guests who arrived at Milford Bay House this week are: Misses B. and E. Harrison, Mr. J. R. Bewes of Milton, Mr. and Mrs. W. Chalk, Mr. T. W. Quinlan, Mr. M. J. Baines, Mr. Kinnely of Port Hope, Mr. J. Harley, Mrs. Harley, Miss Harley, Miss J. Harley, and Mr. M. A. Harley, Mr. R. S. Schell, Mrs. Schell, Miss Schell of Brantford, Mrs. J. Morrison, Miss Morrison, Miss May Morrison and Miss Margaret Morrison, and Mrs. G. A. Thorpe of Toronto.

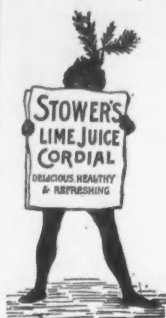
The Misses Strachan of Beverley street returned home on Saturday last from a trip on the upper lakes.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Roper returned from Long Branch last week and sailed for England this week.

I hear that Mr. Arthur Stringer, who recently returned from Oxford, is intending to take up newspaper work in Chicago.

I hear that the Island sidewalk is to be actually laid this season—a twelve-foot walk, divided for cyclists and pedestrians. An Island resident informs me that a high civic dignitary was three times run into one evening recently during a short and anxious walk over there, and his bruises, like Caesar's wounds, talked loudly in the erstwhile deaf ears of the noble gang at the C. H.

Mr. Gus Thomas responded to several encores at the band concert on Tuesday evening, it



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Friday, Aug. 28, Musicals and Hop
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being noised abroad that he was leaving Toronto. He sang very well, and the Q. O. R. rendered a fine programme. Quite a large proportion of smart people were promenading or sitting near the band, though the evening was rather cool.

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IN THE ABYSS

BY H. G. WELLS.
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SYNOPSIS.

Elstead, a young naval officer, is going to explore the bed of the ocean in a hollow steel sphere, twenty feet in diameter. The sphere is very thick, has two glass port-holes—one for entrance—and the interior is elaborately padded. It is fitted with electric light and contains an apparatus for renewing the oxygen of the air. The sphere is to sink by attached leaden weights, which hang from it by a cord six hundred feet in length. By this arrangement violent contact with the bottom is prevented. There is a mechanical device by which, when the sinkers strike the bottom, the cord will wind up pulling the sphere down, and then, at the end of half an hour, cut the cord and allow it to rise to the surface. At noon Elstead is dropped over the stern of his vessel, which moves off to a safe distance in order not to be struck by the shell when it comes up.

In half an hour the shell has not reappeared. Hours pass and the explorer is given up. At midnight the look-out descends the sphere afloat. Elstead is rescued limp and unconscious. When able, he tells his story. The sphere rolled over and over on the way down, the friction of the water produced great heat and he was afraid the port-hole glass would crack. He saw fish bathed in phosphorescent light swimming about. Then the sphere stopped, the mechanism began to work and he was slowly pulled to the bottom, five miles below the surface. Scarcely had he time to notice the strange fish and plants on the ocean bed, when he saw, dimly, a large moving figure, suggestive of a walking man, coming towards him. He had discovered a new world.

PART III.

It was a strange vertebrate animal. Its dark purple head was dimly suggestive of a chameleon, but it had such a high forehead and such a braincase as no reptile ever displayed before; the vertical pitch of its face gave it a most extraordinary resemblance to a human being. Two large and protruding eyes projected from sockets in chameleon fashion, and it had a broad reptilian mouth, with horny lips beneath its little nostrils. In the position of the ears were two huge gill covers, and out of these floated a branching tree of coral-like filaments almost like the tree-like gills that very young rays and sharks possess. But the humanity of the face was not the most extraordinary thing about the creature; it was a biped, its almost globular body was poised on a tripod of two frog-like legs and a long, thick tail, and its fore limbs, which grotesquely caricatured the human hand, much as a frog's do, carried a long shaft of bone tipped with copper. The color of the creature was variegated, its head, hands and legs were purple, but its skin, which hung loosely upon it even as clothes might do, was a phosphorescent gray. And it stood there, blinded by the light.

At last this unknown creature of the waves blinked its eyes open, and, shading them with its disengaged hand, opened its mouth and gave vent to a shouting noise, articulate almost as speech might be, that penetrated even the steel case and padded jacket of the sphere. It then moved sideways out of the glare into the mystery of shadow that bordered it on either side, and Elstead felt rather than saw that it was coming towards him. Fancying the light had attracted it, he turned the switch that cut off the current. In another moment something soft dabbed upon the steel and the globe swayed.

Then the shouting was repeated, and it seemed to him that a distant echo answered it. The dabbing recurred and the globe swayed and ground against the spindle over which the wire was rolled. He stood in the blackness and peered out into the everlasting night of the abyss. And presently he saw, very faint and remote, other phosphorescent quasi-human forms hurrying towards him. Hardly knowing what he did, he felt about in his swaying prison for the stud of the exterior electric light and came by accident against his own small glow lamp in its padded recess. The sphere twisted and then threw him down; he heard shouts like shouts of surprise, and when he rose to his feet he saw two pairs of stalked eyes peering into the lower window and reflecting his light.

In another moment hands were dabbing vigorously at his steel casing, and there was a sound, horrible enough in his position, of the metal protection of the clockwork being vigorously hammered. That, indeed, sent his heart into his mouth, for if these strange creatures succeeded in stopping that, his release would never occur. Scarcely had he thought as much when he felt the sphere sway violently and the floor of it press hard against his feet. He turned off the small glow lamp that lit the interior, and sent the ray of the large light in the separate compartment out into the water. The sea floor and the man-like creatures had disappeared, and a couple of fish chasing each other dropped suddenly by the window.

He thought at once that these strange denizens of the deep sea had broken the wire rope and that he had escaped. He drove up faster and faster, and then stopped with a jerk that sent him flying against the padded roof of his prison. For half a minute perhaps he was too astonished to think.

Then he felt that the sphere was spinning slowly and rocking, and it seemed to him that it was also being drawn through the water. By crouching close to the window he managed to make his weight effective and roll that part of the sphere downward, but he could see nothing save the pale ray of his light striking down ineffectively into the darkness. It occurred to him that he would see more if he turned the lamp off and allowed his eyes to grow accustomed to the profound obscurity.

In this he was wise. After some minutes the velvety blackness became a translucent blackness, and then far away, and as faint as the zodiacal light of an English summer evening, he saw shapes moving below. He judged these creatures had detached his cable and were towing him along the sea bottom. And then he saw something faint and remote across the undulations of the submarine plain, a broad horizon of pale luminosity that extended this way and that way as far as the range of his little window permitted him to see. To this he was being towed, as a balloon might be towed by men out of the open country into a town. He approached it very slowly, and very slowly the dim irradiation was gathered together into more definite shapes.

It was nearly five o'clock before he came over this luminous area, and by that time he could make out an arrangement suggestive of streets and houses grouped about a vast roofless crea-

tion that was grotesquely suggestive of a ruined abbey. It was spread out like a map below him. The houses were all roofless enclosures of walls, and their substance being, as he afterwards saw, of phosphorescent bones, gave the place an appearance as if it were built of drowned moonshine. Among the inner caves of the place waving trees of crinoids stretched their tentacles, and tall, slender, glassy sponges shot like shining minarets and lilies of filmy light out of the general glow of the city. In the open spaces of the place he could see a stirring movement as of crowds of people, but he was too many fathoms above them to distinguish the individuals in those crowds.

Then slowly they pulled him down, and as they did so the details of the place crept slowly upon his apprehension. He saw that the courses of the cloudy buildings were marked out with beaded lines of round objects, and then he perceived that at several points below him in broad open spaces were forms like the encrusted shapes of ships. Slowly and surely he was drawn down, and the forms below him became brighter, clearer and more distinct. He was being pulled down, he perceived, towards the large building in the center of the town, and he could catch a glimpse ever and again of the multitudinous forms that were lugging at his cord. He was astonished to see that the rigging of one of the ships which formed such a prominent feature of the place, was crowded with a host of gesticulating figures regarding him, and then the walls of the great building rose about him silently and hid the city from his eyes.

And such walls they were! of water-logged wood, and twisted wire rope, and iron spars, and copper, and the bones and skulls of dead men. The skulls ran in zig-zag lines and spirals and fantastic curves over the building; and in and out of their eye-sockets and over the whole surface of the place lurked and played a multitude of silvery little fishes. Suddenly his ears were filled with a low shouting and a noise like the violent blowing of horns, and this gave place to a fantastic chant. Down the sphere sank, past the huge pointed windows, through which he saw vaguely a great number of these strange ghost-like people regarding him, and at last he came to rest, as it seemed, on a kind of altar that stood in the center of the place.

And now he was at such a level that he could see those strange people of the abyss plainly once more. To his astonishment he perceived that they were prostrating themselves before him, all save one dressed as it seemed in a robe of placid scales, and crowned with a luminous diadem, who stood with his reptilian mouth opening and shutting as though he led the chanting of the worshippers. A curious impulse made Elstead turn on his small glow lamp again, so that he became visible to those creatures of the abyss, albeit the glare made them disappear forthwith into the night. At this sudden sight of him, the chanting gave place to a tumult of exultant shouts, and Elstead, being anxious to watch them, turned his light off again and vanished from before their eyes. But for a time he was too blind to make out what they were doing, and when at last he could distinguish them they were kneeling again. And then they continued worshipping him, without rest or intermission, for the space of three hours.

Most circumstantial was Elstead's account of this astounding city and its people, these people of perpetual night, who have never seen sun or moon or stars, green vegetation, nor any living air-breathing creatures, who know nothing of fire nor any light but the phosphorescent light of living things. Startling as is his story, it is yet more startling to find that scientific men of such eminence as Adams and Jenkins find nothing incredible in it. They



He saw two pair of stalked eyes.

tell me they see no reason why intelligent water-breathing vertebrate creatures inured to a low temperature and enormous pressure, and of such a heavy structure that neither alive nor dead would they float, might not live upon the bottom of the deep sea and quite unsuspected by us, descendants like ourselves of the great Theriomorpha of the New Red Sandstone age. We should be known to them, however, as strange meteoric creatures went to fall catastrophically dead out of the mysterious blackness of their watery sky. And not only we ourselves, but our ships, our metals, our appliances, would come raining down out of the night. Sometimes sinking things would smite down and crush them, as if it were the judgment of some unseen power above, and sometimes would come things of the utmost rarity or utility or shapes of inspiring suggestion. One can understand, perhaps, something of their behavior at the descent of a living man, if one thinks what barbaric people might do, to whom an enhaled shining creature came suddenly out of the sky.

At one time or another Elstead probably told the officers of the Parnigan every detail of his strange twelve hours in the abyss. That he also intended to write them down is certain, but he never did, and so, unhappily, we have

to piece together the discrepant fragments of his story from the reminiscences of Commander Simmons, Weybridge, Stevens, Lindley and the others. We see the thing darkly in fragmentary glimpses; the huge, ghostly building, the bowing, chanting people with their dusk chameleon-like head and faintly luminous clothing, and Elstead with his light turned on again, vainly trying to convey to their minds that the cord by which the sphere was held was to be severed. Minute after minute slipped away, and Elstead, looking at his watch, was horrified to find that he had oxygen only for two hours more. But the chant in his honor kept on as remorselessly as if it was the marching song of his approaching death.

The manner of his release he does not understand, but to judge by the end of cord that hung from the sphere, it had been cut through by cutting against the edge of the altar. Abruptly the sphere rolled over and he swept up, out of their world, as an ethereal creature clothed in a vacuum would sweep through our own atmosphere back to its native ether again. He must have torn out of their sight as a hydrogen bubble hastens upward from our air. A strange ascension it must have seemed to them!

The sphere rushed up with even greater



Slowly and surely he was drawn down.

velocity than when weighted with the lead sinkers it had rushed down. It became exceedingly hot. It drove up with the windows uppermost, and he remembers the torrent of bubbles frothing against the glass. Every moment he expected this to fly. Then suddenly something like a huge wheel seemed to be released in his head, and the padded compartment began spinning about him, and he fainted. His next recollection was of his cabin, and of the doctor's voice.

But that is the substance of the extraordinary story that Elstead related in fragments to the officers of the Parnigan. He promised to write it all down at a later date. His mind was chiefly occupied with the improvement of his apparatus, which was effected at Rio. It remains only to tell that on February 2, 1896, he made his second descent into the ocean abyss, with the improvements his first experience suggested. What happened we shall probably never know. He never returned. The Parnigan beat about over the point of his submergence seeking him in vain for thirteen days. Then she returned to Rio and the news was telegraphed to his friends. So the matter remains for the present. But it is hardly probable that no further attempt will be made to verify his strange story of these hitherto unsuspected cities of the deep sea.

THE END.

Despise No Messenger.

In a great monarchy no subject can tell what other man may or may not be a messenger from the king. Angels of mercy seldom carry harps and arrive amidst radiant light and a vast flapping of wings. It may be a little child who shall bring you the longed-for good news, or, as in the case of Mrs. Charlotte Davis, it may be a quiet old lady who drops in to make an ordinary friendly call.

And help was badly needed, as it always is when pain and illness crush these frail bodies of ours as the rushes bend and bow before the swollen stream. Referring to the old lady's call, Mrs. Davis draws aside the curtain from an experience in the summer of 1878. She says: "I fell into a condition that was strange and new to me. I didn't know how to account for it, nor could I tell what it was going to lead to. I had always a bad taste in my mouth, and was constantly retching and spitting up a sour fluid. The sense and feeling of it were horrible. My appetite failed until food had no attraction for me. Even after taking the least morsel I had great pain at the chest and under the shoulder blades. But the complaint seemed to be seated more particularly in the stomach. There the pain was very keen and violent. Sometimes it felt like a knife cutting me asunder. I got no rest day or night, and was confined to my bed for weeks together. Inasmuch as I could take no solid nourishment I grew weaker and weaker as the weary time dragged by. Indeed my only food was milk and soda water."

[We may remark at this point that Mrs. Davis's entire digestive system was, at the time she speaks of, dangerously deranged. The failure of the appetite was a signal indicating that the presence of food in the stomach could not be tolerated. As it could not be digested it would serve to aggravate the inflammation which was raging there. Such a state of things is bad as possible. The very source of all power and life was virtually paralyzed. We must eat in order to live, and yet, in such a case, to eat is only to invite additional suffering, and to bid for a more speedy death. Hence the terror of that ailment which some silly people (who have never had it) speak of as "only an attack of indigestion and dyspepsia." Would they allude to an inhabited dwelling wrapped in flames as "Only a house on fire?"]

Mrs. Davis, and plenty of others whom we know are able to rebuke that adiepat sort of talk.

She continues: "The doctor who attended me said I had inflammation, caused by gall stones."

[Very likely. Gall stones are composed of bile sand, which is carried into the gall bladder, and then adheres until the larger stones or masses are formed. The bile has stagnated, owing to the poisons from the stomach acting on the liver, until this painful and dangerous complication results. In other words, gall stones mean biliousness, and biliousness means indigestion and dyspepsia.]

But let us listen again to the lady: "I lay in great agony," she says, "week after week, during which time I passed two gall stones. The doctors treatment gave me no relief, and what I suffered for over a year is indescribable. One day an old lady called at my house, and seeing my condition, strongly urged me to take Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I said, 'Yes, of course, I'll take anything that will help me.'

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CEYLON TEA

Is absolutely pure. Is nutritious to the system. Is delicious in the cup.

LEAD PACKETS ONLY.

NEVER IN BULK.

ALL GROCERS.

After the first bottle I passed a third stone, but this time without pain. I kept on with the Syrup and was soon as well as ever. Since that time, now fourteen years ago, I have kept in good health and perfectly free from my old ailment. I will answer inquiries from any sufferer. Yours, &c. (Signed) Charlotte Davis, 8, Edithna Street, Stockwell, London, September 27th, 1893."

"The first bringer of unwelcome news," says Shakespeare, "hath but a losing office." Quite true, but the messenger who tells of help and rescue wins a better place in our memory. Does he not? Yes, say all of us.

The Gum Game.

"Mamma," said a little boy in the West End, "did you know that I played the gum game on you?"

"What do you call the gum game?" asked the fond mother.

"Well," answered the four-year-old, "you know those cents you left on the dresser—well, I took one of them and bought this here gum with it."

He explained that the gum game is more popular than marbles in Toronto.

Debt in Two Costumes.

W. L. Wilson in Life. When Debt is dressed up in its best, With linen fine and purple raiment, With jewels rare and haughty air—Why, creditors don't ask for payment; But when arrayed in garments frayed Debt walks the street with aspect humble—Without a friend; the men who lend Must have their money quick, or grumble.

An Unexpected Visit.



Farmer Nettles—Hurry Priscilla! Yer's th' biggest musketeer that's been roun' this season. Hurry up! Hurry!



Prof. Fryers (with flying machine)—Beg pardon, but will you please give me a glass of water? My throat has a few clouds in it.

Fine Coffee

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CONDENSED COFFEE

INGREDIENTS—

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CREAM
GRANULATED SUGAR

ALL GROCERS

A Man Who Looked Forward.

During the recent hot spell a couple of Toronto ladies were house-hunting. Coming to a corner of two fashionable streets they saw a man in the act of moving out. After enquiring the number of rooms, rent, and other particulars, the question was asked why the present tenant was vacating. "Well, I will tell you," said the man. "I am determined that I will not clean off the snow. I moved in last March, and found about two miles of sidewalk covered with ice and snow. I did not remove it, and as a consequence was fined in the Police Court, and I then made up my mind I would not clean the sidewalk no matter what the authorities might do."

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No. 2,764.

A STORY OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.
From The Bits.

Trifles, it is said, make the sum of human things, and trifles sometimes go a long way in helping us in our profession, proving themselves to be trump cards in the game of hide-and-seek which is played every day in this great metropolis between the criminal and the man set to hunt him down. In the case of the murder of old Von Arnheim, the German banker, on the District Railway, it was a little piece of blue cardboard, hardly as big as the murderer's thumb, which helped to put a rope around a neck which deserved hanging if ever human neck did.

The incidents of the case were as follows: On the night of June 1, 189—, when the 10.20 train from Westminster Bridge left for Ealing, the guard accompanying the train saw two men enter a second-class carriage near the locomotive. One of them was an aged gentleman in a fur coat, the other was a dark, foreign-looking fellow, who walked with a slight limp. He could swear that these two were alone in the carriage when the train quitted Westminster.

When he looked into the compartment at Victoria Station, he was horrified to find the old man lying on the floor, stabbed to the heart. The dagger, which was still in the wound, had a piece of paper attached to it with the word "Rache" (German for "Revenge") printed in typewritten characters.

The body was at once taken to the waiting-room and the station-master sent for. The doctor, on being hastily summoned, pronounced life extinct. The knife had penetrated the heart some considerable depth, and the end must have been almost instantaneous.

By dint of descriptions widely circulated, the man who had entered the train in company with the deceased at Westminster Bridge Station was found, after a short delay, in a slum in Soho. He was arrested and taken to the police-station, where he vigorously protested his innocence, and to tell the truth, his story was straightforward enough.

He had, he admitted, entered the carriage with the murdered man at Westminster Bridge Station, and had indeed exchanged a few words of conversation with him on indifferent topics as they journeyed on. However, just before they reached St. James's Park Station, he drew out his cigar-case to smoke, when the old man pointed out to him that it was not a smoking-carriage, and that, although, as a rule, he did not object to smoking, just now a bad cough made him dislike it very much. Would he therefore go elsewhere? He had at once complied, and alighting at St. James's had entered a smoking-carriage a few doors off.

The guard, on being questioned, could neither contradict nor confirm the man's story. He (the guard) had exchanged a few words with a companion on the platform at St. James's Park Station, and he accordingly had not noticed who entered or alighted from the train. It was, therefore, quite within the range of possibility, and even of probability, that somebody else had entered the fatal compartment at St. James's Station, had killed the old man, and then, creeping along the footboard of the practically empty train, had been able to secrete himself in another carriage and so escape detection. All this was possible.

The man who had been arrested (Hartmann by name) was next asked if he could refer to any persons who were occupying the smoking-carriage which he alleged he had entered. This he said he could not do, as the compartment was empty.

It therefore came to this. That there was absolutely nothing to connect Hartmann with the crime on the 10.20 train except that he had been seen to enter the carriage with the deceased. On such frail evidence, however, no jury could possibly convict a man.

It was at this point that the case came into my hands.

The first thing I did on going to the mortuary where the old man lay was to make a rigid and thorough examination of the clothing and contents of the pockets. These comprised a purse containing some gold and silver and notes, a cigarette-case, a bunch of keys, a watch, a handkerchief, a latch-key, and sundry letters and memoranda. There was one other thing, a second-class ticket from Westminster Bridge to South Kensington.

From the contents of his pockets, I next turned to the articles he had been carrying when the crime was committed. They consisted of a gold-headed stick, a pair of gloves, an evening newspaper, and, strangely enough, another railway ticket.

"That's curious," I remarked to my mate. "What on earth did he want two tickets for in the same direction?"

"Give it up," said my mate; "can't make it out at all."

I called the superintendent.

"Tell me," I said, "how was this ticket found on the deceased; was it on the seat beside him, or where?"

He thought a moment and then said slowly: "It was found clutched tightly in his right hand."

As the superintendent spoke these words, a sudden light flashed upon me in an instant. The ticket found in the old man's hand had belonged, not to himself, but to the man who had struck the fatal blow.

Rapidly putting things together in my mind, I accounted for the occurrence in this way. When the old man was struggling with his assailant, he had caught in his agony at the first part of the ruffian's clothing he could seize, which (my theory being correct) was the ticket, pocket of his overcoat. The fingers closing automatically on the ticket in that pocket had dragged it forth, and the murderer, in his hurry to escape as the train drew up, had not noticed the piece of cardboard in his victim's grasp. Yes, undoubtedly this theory explained the reason for two tickets being found.

I looked at the ticket closely. It bore the date of issue, "June 1, 189—," and the number, "2,764." And as I looked at it a plan formed in my brain—a plan which I feared might turn out an utter failure, and yet which was worth trying, after all.



She—You won her hand, then?
He—Um—er—I presume so. I'm under her thumb.

Chartering a hansom, I told the driver to take me to Westminster Bridge Station.

Arrived there, I sent for the station-master and presented my card.

"Good morning, sir," he said; "what can I do for you?"

"Look at that ticket," I said, taking from my pocket-book the piece of cardboard, "and be good enough to tell me who issued it."

He thought a little, and then said:

"The booking-clerk who issued this ticket is off just now, sir. He's having his holidays at the present moment."

"Do you know where he has gone?" I asked impatiently.

"No, sir, I can't say I do. But if you go around to his lodgings, they might know there."

He gave me the address of the house where the booking-clerk, Stanley by name, lodged, and taking the cab, which I had instructed to wait for me, I was soon deposited at No. 25, Little Willis Street, where I interviewed the landlady, and found that her lodger was stopping at a temperance hotel at Brighton.

My next move was in the direction of Victoria Station, where I found I could catch an express in half an hour's time. I filled up the interval with a light lunch and with the sending of a telegram to Mr. Stanley, telling him who I was and why I was coming, and bidding him be at home to receive me.

The train landed me at Brighton in an hour's time, and I took a hansom to the hotel, which was some half-mile from the station. There I found the booking-clerk, a bright, intelligent-looking young fellow, in a positive fever of excitement as to my visit. He invited me into his bedroom as the only place where we could have absolute privacy, and then I proceeded to business.

"I want you," I said, "to look at a ticket which you issued on the night of June 1st, 189—, presumably about 10.15, as the train left at 10.20, and to see if you can by any chance remember the person to whom you issued it."

"I'm afraid that will be impossible, sir," he said quietly. "I issue hundreds of tickets every day, and don't take much notice of the people who buy them. We've got enough to do without that."

"Nevertheless," I returned firmly, "look at the ticket and see."

I handed him the piece of cardboard. He took it and examined it closely.

As he did so an expression of amazement and satisfaction passed over his face, and he uttered a low cry.

"By George," he said, in a low tone, "it's a wonderful thing, but I do remember, and remember distinctly, the party to whom I issued this ticket."

"Describe him," I said quickly.

He at once gave me a description, in a few words, of a man exactly answering to the foreigner we had captured. Then I said to him:

"How have you been able to fix his identity?"

He drew a long breath and then replied:

"Well, it's a marvelous thing, sir, and no mistake. It looks like the finger of Providence. It isn't once in six months that I look at the number on the ticket, but on this occasion I did so. It happened in this way: When

I had issued the ticket, I left it lying on the pigeon-hole counter whilst the foreign chap fumbled for the money for the fare. My eye carelessly fell on the ticket, and I noticed that the number was 2,764. I couldn't help giving a start when I saw that number, for, curiously enough, I had that very afternoon drawn the same number in a German lottery in which my landlord was interested. It struck me then as a most extraordinary coincidence that I should issue ticket No. 2,764 to a man who spoke with a German accent, when I had only a few hours before drawn that number in a German lottery.

So great an impression did the occurrence make on me that I was thinking of it all the rest of the time I was on duty, and when I got home I told my landlord about it, and he said it was the most extraordinary coincidence he had ever come across."

"Very well, then," I said, when he had finished the history, "the next thing to be done is for you to come back to London with me at once and identify the man we have arrested as the person to whom you sold ticket No. 2,764 on the night of June 1st."

Arrived at Victoria, we took a cab to the police station where Hartmann was detained. The latter was taken to the station yard and placed in company with six other prisoners. The booking-clerk was then asked to pick out the man to whom he had issued the ticket, and without an instant's hesitation he selected Hartmann as the individual in question.

The chain of evidence was thus made complete, for the possessor of that little piece of blue card-board was the man who had struck the fatal blow on that June night.

Hartmann was committed for trial, and the booking-clerk's evidence was of course taken. In the face of that evidence, his guilt was proved clear as day, and the jury returned a verdict of guilty without leaving the box.

He was sentenced to death in the usual manner, and the sentence was carried out one month after the trial. He protested his innocence well-nigh to the last, but on the eve of execution he confessed to the chaplain that he had indeed been guilty of the crime. It seemed that he was a member of an Anarchist league, which had its headquarters in Soho, and the murdered man had in some way or other incurred the displeasure of the leaders, who had charged Hartmann with his removal.

No Sudden Wrench.

They were standing on the railway platform at Gravenhurst, their eyes swimming with love. "Darling," he whispered, as the train whistled its parting warning, "I must leave you. But do not weep. It won't be a sudden parting, for this is the Northern Railway and the trains run very slowly."

She was comforted.

Daniel Again.

A little boy in Parkdale went to Sunday school for the first time recently and the teacher of the infant class told the little tots the story of Daniel in the lions' den.

"Now," said the teacher, "can any of you tell me why the lions didn't eat Daniel?"

"Huh!" exclaimed the little boy with dis-

dain, he evidently supposing that the teacher was trying to fool him. "Huh! you can't eat men. Men ain't to eat, and Daniel wasn't cooked, was he?"

The teacher had to begin all over again, and the laugh was such that the boy now refuses to open his mouth in Sunday school.

A Sure and Simple Protection from Cold.

Good meals and warm clothing are of more value—if you haven't got them—than anything else. World-wide fame seems of small account if you are hungry or the wind is whistling through your body. So any new feature which makes comfortable clothing possible for everyone is of more real importance to us than the discovery of a new planet. This explains the great popularity of Fibre Chamois, an interlining made from pure spruce fibre, which gives a perfect healthful warmth without adding weight or bulk. The reason is that it is an absolute non-conductor of either heat or cold. The rawest winds can't get through the clothing lined with it, nor will it let the natural heat of the body escape, so that it insures comfort in all weather for a trifling expense.

"Did Mrs. Jones give up her bloomers to please her husband?" "No; her pug dog wouldn't come near her when she had them on."—Chicago Record.

"Is marriage regarded as a failure in Chicago, where there are so many seems of small account? It is regarded as a temporary embarrassment merely."—Truth.

Builder—You fix the cost at one hundred thousand dollars, which is a very satisfactory figure, but you do not seem to include labor and material in your estimate. Architect—Oh, there will be extras, of course.—Detroit Tribune.

Moses—Dat ar is a likely-lookin' mule, Rastus. Rastus—Likely? Yo' find out he's mo'n likely, ef you git neah 'm; he's liable.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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NESTLE'S FOOD is a complete and entire diet for babies, and closely resembles mother's milk. Over all the world Nestle's Food has been recognized for more than thirty years as possessing great value as a protection against Cholera Infantum and all other forms of Summer Complaints. Your physician will confirm this statement.

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NESTLE'S FOOD is safe. It requires only the addition of water to prepare it for use. The great danger always attendant on the use of cow's milk is thus avoided. The prevalence of tuberculosis in cows, and the liability of cow's milk to convey the germs of disease, makes its use as a food for infants dangerous in the extreme.





THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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Saturday Night Out of Town.

Wherever you go for vacation you can have "Saturday Night" mailed to you. To any address in Canada or the United States, 20c. a month; to foreign addresses, 25c. a month. Ask your newsdealer or write to this office.

Western Journalism.

We have heard much about Western newspapers and what is known as "the Western style," but there has just been sent to us a little dodger issued by the editor of the *Lodge*, New Denver, B.C., that is a perfect specimen. It is in display type and printed in red and black ink on blue paper. We reproduce the dodger free of charge to Bro. Lowery, but condensed into paragraphs:

FELLOW PILGRIMS ALL!!

The *Lodge* is located at New Denver, B.C., and can be traced to many parts of the earth. It comes to the front every Thursday, and has never been snowed by cheap silver or raised by the sheriff.

It works for the trail blazer as well as the bloated and chicken fed capitalist. It aims to be on the right side of everything, and believes that hell should be administered to the wicked in large doses.

It has stood the test of time, and the pay-streak is growing wider. The annual assessment is only \$2, and no palace, cabin or shack is complete without it. A vein of job printing is worked for the benefit of humanity and the Editor.

Come in and see us, but do not step on the Fighting Editor's Bull Pup, he is small, but savage.
R. T. LOWERY,
Editor and Financier.

Ought Widows to Marry?

THIS question is the subject of controversy in England and France just now, and a great diversity of opinion on the subject has been developed. In the English public prints there have been many citations of the example of Queen Victoria in remaining faithful to the memory of the late Prince Consort, and the long widowhood of the Queens Regent of Spain and Holland is also held up as further example. So is the case of Princess Beatrice, widow of Prince Henry of Battenburg. But the rules of conduct that govern the lives of royal personages do not apply to ordinary mortals, and even Princess Beatrice may be embarrassed at some future time at being reminded of the inscription on a wreath she laid on her husband's coffin: "Until death do us part; until death reunites us." On the Continent, the opinion is generally held that widows should not condemn themselves to perpetual solitude, and it is sustained by—of all things, in such a sentimental subject—the statistics of suicide. According to M. Morselli, who is an authority on the subject, out of three hundred and sixty-five men who committed suicide in Italy, one hundred were married, one hundred and eight were bachelors, and one hundred and fifty-seven were widowers. In France it is among the widowers that suicide finds the most victims. As regards married women, out of every hundred who commit suicide in Italy and France the majority are widows. In France the number of widows who commit suicide is twice as great as that of women whose husbands are living. From these statistics M. Morselli concludes that widows and widowers are far more likely to be driven to despair and death than other men and women, and that, therefore, it is the duty of society to encourage them to marry again. On the other hand, M. G. Labadie-Lagrave does not think much of these statistics. "The conclusions arrived at," he says, "seem to me very much exaggerated. If so many widows are unable to support the burden of life, it is not chagrin at the loss of their husbands which drives them to commit suicide, but rather anxiety as to how they shall support themselves and their children. And it is very probable that the reason why they remain widows is not because they desire to remain true to their husbands, but because they can not find men who are willing to burden themselves with the support of them and their children."

Princesses Without Money.

The widowed Crown Princess Stephanie and her twelve-year-old daughter, Elizabeth, had undertaken a mountain excursion together and had become separated from the gentlemen and ladies in attendance. Hungry and thirsty they stopped at a small inn and asked for refreshments, when suddenly the Crown Princess remembered that she had nothing in her pocket wherewith to pay. Accordingly she took the landlady into her confidence, informed her who she was and asked her whether she would trust her. It is to be regretted that the landlady declined to believe them. Crown Princess Stephanie took the matter quietly enough, sensible of its ludicrous side, but the little Archduchess was infuriated and protested with flashing eyes to the landlady, "Aber wir sind doch ehrliche Leute" (But I assure you we are honest people.)

SPORTING COMMENT

THE Tecumsehs resumed their interrupted round of victory at the Island oval on Saturday afternoon, when they defeated the Shamrocks by six goals to one. The Montreal men almost incurred a whitewash, their only goal being a fluke caused by Patterson forgetting himself and carrying the ball through. So little confidence did the Montreal contingent feel in their team that it was difficult to get up a wager even on the score. It was thought that the Tecumsehs had a "cinch," and the event tallied with the opinion. The Shamrocks were manifestly not the four-leaved kind, but the ordinary luckless variety that you can gather any day. The Capitals had a hard time swallowing the Tecumsehs, but the Tecumsehs gobbled the Shamrocks as an ox licketh up the grass. The Shamrocks came up in the morning (from Montreal) and at night they were cut down. The Tecumsehs had been told by their victors that the Shamrocks would go down before them, and this may have had something to do with the superb confidence of their play. They worked with a vim and dash that I have never seen them equal. Their passing was swift and accurate, and the combination that failed against the Capitals was evidently in working order again. Burns was back on home and the improvement in that section of the field was noticeable. The first game was a long one, seventeen minutes, and before the goal was taken many deadly shots had to be stopped by McKenna. Never was goal-keeper assailed by such a mitrailleuse, and no wonder that McVey's "shoot" from a pass of Burns' finally fled past him. The Tecumsehs with all their brilliant toying and quick stick work are poor sprinters, and this was plainly seen in center when Kelly ran away from Peaker with ridiculous ease. For some reason or other Jimmy Macdonald, who would have been nearer his match, was left out of it. The home of the Shamrocks, perhaps the deadliest in the world, was pitted against the magnificent defence of the Tecumsehs. Barney Quinn, who had been changed to goal, proved that he could be as effective there as elsewhere. Barney had a bad leg, which fact perhaps kept him from displaying a bad temper. The game indeed was remarkably free of roughness, and only one man was injured, and that an accident.

The following team has been chosen to play cricket for Canada against the United States in Philadelphia on September 3 and 4:

George S. Lyon of Rosedale.
A. Gillespie of Hamilton.
W. H. Cooper of Trinity and Toronto.
P. C. Goldingham of Toronto.
J. Horstead of Chatham.
W. A. Henry of Halifax (captain).
J. M. Laing of Toronto.
Fritz Martin of Hamilton.
J. A. McIntosh of Halifax.
H. R. McGivern of Hamilton.
M. A. Walker of London.

It is announced that not a single ballot was required at the meeting to elect this eleven. They were chosen unanimously, but I think many cricketers will say that exactly eleven ballots should have been taken to elect eleven men, and that the seven gentlemen who acted for Canada in this matter might, with good sense, have been less unanimous, and might, with good taste, have refrained from boasting of their unanimity. Mr. Henry of Halifax has been elected captain. How a team composed chiefly of Ontario players can be captained to the very best advantage by a gentleman from Halifax is hard to see. Mr. Henry has so far seen only one man of his eleven play cricket this season—Mr. McIntosh of Halifax. He will have to depend upon one practice match or upon hearsay. Mr. McGivern was chosen because of his former success as a bowler, for it is well known that he has not been playing in first-class cricket this season, and only made his peace with the Hamilton Club about ten days ago. However, once a man gets on the international eleven he is as solid for life as are those appointed to the Canadian Senate.

But the team is all right. It will accept a defeat as gracefully as any other eleven. The real weakness of the whole thing is to be found in the power that appointed the players. The Executive Committee of the Canadian Association selected the players, we are told. I am not aware of any change in the constitution since last year, or any means whereby seven gentlemen, however unanimous, with or without ballots, could change the constitution without notice, yet last year this Executive Committee consisted of three delegates elected by the Ontario Association, three from any other Provincial association, and the chief officers of the C. C. A. There being no association in Nova Scotia, the Halifax Club, by paying the same fee as such an association would pay, was admitted into membership, and also the Vancouver Club in the same way. Here is the Executive Committee that met Monday evening: Mr. D. W. Saunders, chairman and representative of Vancouver; Mr. J. E. Hall, honorary secretary-treasurer and representative of Halifax; Mr. K. H. Cameron, representing Ontario Association; Mr. A. Gillespie, representing Hamilton and Ontario Association; Mr. A. H. Collins, representing London and Toronto; Mr. H. J. Martin, representing Rosedale; Mr. H. F. Petman, assistant secretary-treasurer. Now, no meeting of the Ontario Association has been held this year, so that no representatives were appointed to attend this meeting. Some of those appointed last year seem to have acted again, but not all. How comes it that the constitution of the Ontario Association seems to have been adopted for the occasion, and representatives of individual clubs allowed a voice in the proceedings? If clubs, by some strange arrangement, were entitled to send delegates, why had not Parkdale a representative? why was it not asked this year to send a delegate, and why was its delegate last year informed that individual clubs had no standing in the Canadian Association? Nothing could be more loose and irregular than this organization, into which any man who cares to attend can insert himself on some shallow pretense, if he is either so popular or so offensive that none of the others care to offend him. Cricketers

who hope for anything at its hands dare not enter a protest. Some curry favor with the self-constituted powers in the hope that, if they show for a year or two the humility of a Heep and the devotion of a valet, they may gain favor, while others turn in and try to play the game so amazingly well that they cannot be overlooked. Nothing so effectually kills a man's chances of being selected by this self-created and eternally unchangeable committee, as for the newspapers to declare that he is sure of being chosen. If Mr. Dean of Parkdale had not been mentioned by the papers the committee would have picked him out first man and sprung him as a glad surprise upon the public. However, my kick is not so much against the team chosen as against the constitutionality of the committee that acted in the matter. If local clubs can qualify and send delegates, and if the Ontario Association is going to live forever without meeting again, cricket clubs everywhere should be notified. I hear that Mr. George S. Lyon cannot play. This is too bad.

The Homestead Cricket Club from Homestead, Pa., beginning on Thursday of last week, played five games in Canada and lost them all. The games were played against our leading clubs, Rosedale, Toronto, Parkdale, Hamilton and the Garrison. Most of the games were decided on the first innings, and in three out of the five games the visitors were fairly good seconds. In Messrs. Watkins and Nall the Homestead Club has two bowlers of great merit, and if they were supported by sharp and sure fielding they would keep any team of batsmen in hot water. Mr. Watkins bowls a lively medium pace ball that generally curves in the air and breaks sharply at the bats, while Mr. Nall from the other end sends up slow, deceptive twisters that one tries to hit out of the lot. A slow bowler must have good fielders to back him up, and the Homestead fielding was not as smart as it should have been. The fielding of the team was its weak point. Messrs. Bissell (captain), Macpherson, Rudd, Varley and others batted well, especially the two first named. The Homesteaders were a jolly lot of fellows, and although beaten all along the line they preserved their good humor to the last. They went away in as happy a frame of mind as when they came, and left behind them the conviction that they are thorough sportsmen. Mr. Bissell proved himself a very courteous captain and conceded anything asked of him—and it is a bit of a pity that so many concessions were asked by local clubs of a visiting eleven. Where opponents were not formidable, too, I think that Rosedale and Hamilton might well have excluded their pros. from the games. It is to be hoped that one of the local clubs will next year manage to visit Homestead and show appreciation of the enterprise and good temper of the visitors.

Mr. W. P. Mustard of Haverford College passed through the city Tuesday on his return from England, where he had gone in charge of the college boys on their cricket tour. Mr. Mustard informed me that Capt. Lester finished the tour with the total of 1,185 runs for 15 innings and the fine average of 79, but that Mr. Lester will not likely be selected for the international team owing to his English birth. Hereafter a tighter line is to be drawn, it seems, than was applied when the ex-pro. A. M. Wood was played. The Haverford men won four, lost four, and made draws of the other games played on the tour. Mr. Mustard expressed himself as extremely pleased with the action of Trinity College in saving the international intercollegiate cricket match from falling through, and has hopes that this annual match will continue to grow in interest and importance.

Here is a paragraph from the Owen Sound Times that is worth reproducing:

The Times is heartily ashamed of the rough treatment accorded Warton's lacrosse team after the game last Friday by a mob of young hoodlums who should be made to understand that in acting as they did they were disgracing their town and bringing on respectable people a reproach not easily wiped out. What good can it possibly do either the hoodlums, the Owen Sound lacrosse team or the town, to pursue a handful of strangers to their boat, with sticks, stones and shouts of anger and derision? It is true that Owen Sounders have not always received the best of treatment in Warton, but that is no reason why we should not accord to and courtesy due to guests and to men who have proven worthy of our steel. The respectable people of this town are humiliated by the occurrences of last Friday evening—as we believe the respectable people of Warton were by the treatment accorded the Owen Sound boys a couple of weeks ago. Both towns have evidently in them elements which need stern treatment to teach them the common ethics of manliness and sportsmanship. If a lacrosse match cannot be played without occasioning such demonstrations of brutality and boorishness, we repeat the assertion we made once before—that the sooner lacrosse drops out of sight as a public sport, the better for lacrosse and the better for the people who watch it.

Both Owen Sound and Warton have been disgraced by the two games referred to—or rather by the rowdism that followed the games. In both places free fights, and howling and stone-throwing wound up the day. It is charged that Owen Sound hired a big brute and took him to Warton as a body-guard, and that Warton returned quite as ready for trouble. Ten years ago I played lacrosse all through the Georgian Bay district and took a hand in many a hard-fought game, but never once did I see an open fight on a lacrosse ground or an open demonstration against a visiting team. In those days the Warton and Owen Sound teams were composed exclusively of home players, and when either team went on the field the sisters and mothers of the players sat in the grand stand confident that nothing blackguardly would be witnessed. But now hired players are playing the game, and many of these seek the applause of toughs rather than the respect of respectable people. Ten years ago the style of lacrosse played in the Georgian Bay district may not have been quite as fast as now, but it was fast enough to be exciting and clean, and I dare say the best people of Owen Sound and Warton would be glad to see the old-style game come back. The Association that created the evil should abate it. The Association should make lacrosse clean or the Association should efface itself. Scenes similar to those at Owen Sound and Warton have occurred in every direction this year.

On August 10 the final football match for



The Golden Messengers.

For Saturday Night.

Swiftly the moments fly,
Fly like a dream,
Till in the far away
Starlike they gleam.

All is not vanity;
That we shall know,
Watching God's firmament's
Beauty and glow.

Watching with weeping eyes,
Dazzled and dim,
Slighted ambassadors
Stealing to Him.

Stars oft have fallen and
Flash'd through the night;
God's golden messengers
Stay not their flight.

ERNEST E. LEIGH.

Golf or Politics—Views of the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour.

St. James's Gazette.

Scandal asserts that when the fever takes me
I am like some unhappy man who drinks;
All is forgotten, principle forsakes me,
And I must to the links.

Driving, they say, I place before debating,
And study the consistency of sand,
When all my thoughts should center on the rating
Of agricultural land.

Then rumor spreads the false reflection
That I, who guide the Ministerial coach,
Devote my time to bringing to perfection
My put or short approach.

I took, I'm told, a fiddling Nero's pleasure
With creak and caddie out at Tooting Bec,
What time that bunkered Education measure
Became a dismal wreck.

Have at you, critics; when the ceaseless chatter
Rolls through St. Stephen's till the sun be high,
While bores propound this or that trivial matter,
This or that threadbare lie;

Be careful lest the din and the confusion,
Bring with the dawn conviction to my heart—
That Statesmanship's a snare and a delusion,
And Golf the better part.

Arbitrary English Language.

The Commonwealth.

We'll begin with box, and plural is boxes,
But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes.
The one fowl is a goose, but two are called geese,
Yet the plural of mouse should never be meese.
You may find a lone mouse or a whole nest of mice,
But the plural of house is houses, not hices.
If the plural of man is always called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
The cow in the plural may be cows or kine,
But bow, if repeated, is never called bine.
And the plural of vow is vows, never vine.
If I speak of a foot and you show me your feet,
And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?
If one is a tooth, and a whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't the plural of both be called beeth?
If the singular of this and the plural is these,
Should the plural of kiss ever be nicknamed keese?
Then one would be that and three would be those,
Yet hat in the plural would never be hose.
And the plural of cat is cats, not cose.

We speak of a brother, and also of brethren,
But, though we say mother, we never say methren.
Then the masculine pronouns are he, his, him,
But imagine the feminine, she, shis, and shim!
So the English, I think, you all will agree,
Is the greatest language you ever did see.

Old Smith's Kids.

Owen Sound Times.

His name was William Henry Smith,
He guzzled like a fish,
He seldom worked an' when he did
'Twas sore agen his wish.
An' Missus Smith—poor woman!—
She had to wash an' scrub
An' leave the kids at home alone
To furrige for their grub.

W'at wonder if them kids grewed up
All kinder pert an' sly,
An' hardly ever went to school,
An' learnt to steal an' lie?
The best o' youngsters needs a friend
To guide their wayward feet,
But all the guidin' Smith's kids got
Was had upon the street.

An' so them boys as they grewed up
Went all to smash an' wreck—
One got in jail, an' one skipped out
To save his precious neck;
An' two is guzzlers like their dad
An' ain't no earthly use;
I wouldn't give a Yankee cent
Fer all the hull caboose.

But w'at I'd like ter ask jest here
Is whether we are just
To let the father off scot-free
An' make the youngsters do?
It seems to me when helpless youth
Goes down the stream to wreck,
The man that let it drift that way
Should get it in the neck.

SKINNY BILL.

Priscilla—Your husband did not accompany you! Penelope—No. He says that his pleasure consists in knowing I am here.—*I truth.*

Reporter—You want me to invade the privacy of this man's home, listen at the key-hole, pry open the doors, bribe the servants—anything to find out what the trouble is between him and his wife. No, sir, I won't do it! Editor (sneeringly)—And I thought you were a newspaper man!—*Life.*

A Preference.

Life.

"Why would you rather be an Episcopal minister than any other, Bobbie?"

"It's easier."

"How so?"

"I wouldn't have to change my bicycle suit 'cause I could wear a white robe over it."

"Yes," said the business man to the clergyman, "I've lost a good deal of time in my life." "By fritting it away, I suppose?" "No; by being punctual to my appointments."—*Boston Courier.*

The Next Deserter.

"HELLO, George! Heard the latest orders from headquarters?"

"No; what are they?"

"The next deserter is to be shot if they catch him."

"Whew! They must mean business."

"Yes. You see, since Smith got safely away two more tried it yesterday and have not yet been caught. So the General is going to make an example of the next fellow."

"Well, those are not the kind of men we want for our regiment. Their country seems to be their last thought. I wonder who the next one will be, anyway?"

This conversation took place between two Federal soldiers, George Randall and Charlie Anderson, on the morning of January 5, 1863. Their regiment was encamped near the head of the Potomac, and they had only arrived there the night before. Desertion had become prevalent in their regiment and the General in command was going to put a stop to it.

The two were chums and messed together, so as soon as breakfast was over George took his friend to the end of the camp to point out familiar features of the landscape connected with his youth. For, as he explained to Anderson, "the folks live up the river about two miles, but I have not seen them for over ten years." Just then he noticed an old man who was drawing in hay for the officers' horses and whose face seemed familiar. It was Old Jerry, who used to help his father at the farm. George went up to him and said:

"Well, boss! live around these parts?"

"Yes."

"Know anybody living 'round here called Randall?"

"Well, there was an old man of that name lived up the river a bit. Had his barns burnt down a couple of months ago."

"Have you seen him lately?"

"Not since Christmas. He was sick then. His wife's dead and there's nobody to tend him."

With a low "Thank you" George walked quietly away, a prey to conflicting emotions. All his long dormant love for his father came to the front. Perhaps his father would be sick and in need of help. Maybe he was starving, or even dead by this time, for George remembered that the nearest neighbor was a mile away. As he came up to Anderson he told him he would have to visit his father.

"I don't think you will get a furlough," said Anderson, "for we may have to march to-day."

When the friends were alone together that afternoon, George told Anderson the story of his life—how, when a boy, he had run away from home on account of some difference between his stepmother and himself. The father, of course, put down any opposition to his wife's wishes. He had always intended to come back but had put it off until he became rich. But there were no prospects of his becoming rich, and even now he might be too late.

After he had finished he went up to headquarters to ask for a furlough for a couple of days, but this was refused. "Waiting orders now to march," said the officer to whom he made the application. Then he made up his mind to go anyway, and trust to his comrades being too occupied with marching orders to notice his absence.

He was to be on sentry duty that night and would be relieved at four in the morning. This he thought would give him ample time to get away. His beat, fortunately, lay across the Schomberg road, and there were no pickets beyond.

As soon as he was left alone he started on his journey. The thought came to him that probably his father would be starving, as there was no person to nurse him and neighbors lived at a distance. Seeing a chicken-coop among the remains of an overturned cart, he quietly took two of the fowls, wrung their necks, and resumed his journey.

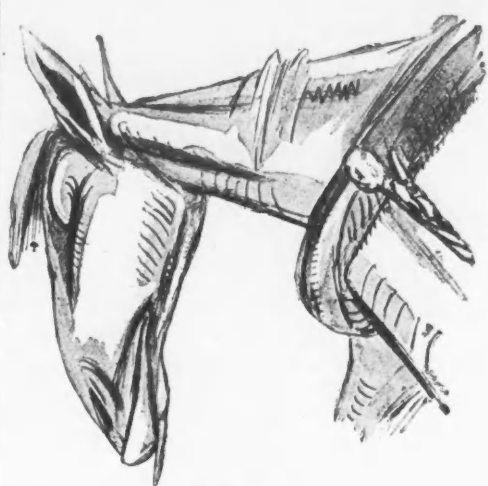
He was about half a mile from camp before the thought of the orders about deserting came to him. He would be a deserter, or at least they would say so. He had stopped and almost turned around when the thought of his kind old father, ill and alone in the little farmhouse, came to him, and he walked briskly forward. As he continued on his way the moon rose and shone with all its splendor.

"Just like the night I ran away," he muttered. It was summer then; now it was winter and the ground was covered with snow. At intervals he could see the old Potomac, black-looking against the snowy banks, through the leafless trees. But his heart was too full of thoughts of his father to note the beauty of his surroundings.

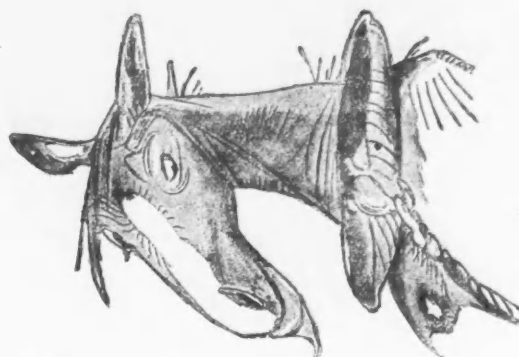
At last the little frame house came in sight, but only a few charred boards and posts remained to show where the big barns had been. There were no lights in the house and everything looked silent and deserted. He went up to the door and knocked. No response. He opened the door and stepped in. The moonlight streaming through the window revealed a strange sight. An old gray-haired man, wrapped in blankets, was lying on the floor in front of the stove. He was gaunt and thin and his face was of a deathly paleness. It was his father, and George thought he had come too late.

The fire was out, a layer of ice had formed on the water in a saucepan on the stove. Half of the partition between the two rooms was pulled down. It had been used for firewood. With nervous fingers he pulled down some more of the partition and started a fire. Here his army experience came to his aid. He quickly cleaned and cut up one of the chickens and put it in the saucepan to boil. Then he chafed the old man's hands and poured a little brandy down his throat. This, with the increasing warmth of the room, roused him from the stupor he was in, but he immediately became delirious.

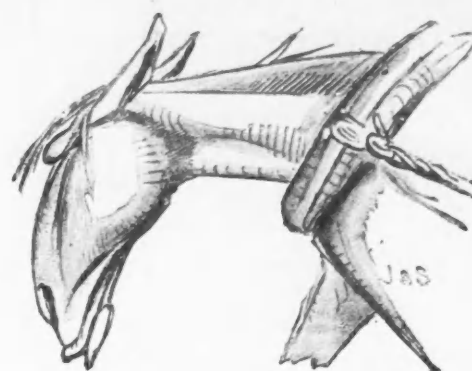
As soon as the broth was partially cooked George began to feed him by spoonfuls, and in a little while he fell into a deep, quiet sleep. He had saved his father. He took off his great-coat and made him comfortable. He also



Wo-o-o—



What! a Rest?



Only another sell.

collected wood for the fire and plucked the remaining fowl, and then sat down to wait for his father's awakening, but fell asleep himself. The noise made by a file of soldiers surrounding the house roused him. The father was not yet awake. He stooped down, gave him one last embrace, and sat down with a peaceful face to await his fate.

He was the next deserter.
FRANK DOUGLAS MCCORQUODALE.
Toronto, August, 1896.

Working His Graft.

A TRAMP IN A BICYCLE SUIT.
Chicago Record.

A MAN with a weather-worn bicycle suit went into a hotel writing-room and sat down at one of the tables. He reached for a sheet of paper and began to write, or, at least, he appeared to be writing.

Presently two of the men who had been writing went away, leaving only the man in the bicycle suit and a young man with a dark mustache.

"Friend, will you pardon me if I ask you a question?" said the man in the bicycle suit.

"Certainly. Go ahead."

"Would you be willing to give up a small piece of money to a man who was in hard luck?"

"What do you mean? Are you busted?"

"Yes, sir; that's what I am."

"Do you live here in Chicago?"

"No, sir; I'm just passing through."

"Well, you've got a wheel, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir; but I'm expecting some money to be forwarded to Milwaukee, and if I soak my wheel I can't get up there."

"You can go up on the train."

"Yes, but then I'd have to come back to get the wheel, and I want to keep north. If you could spare me enough to get a meal and a place to sleep I would be very glad to return the amount to you as soon as the remittance reaches me."

"No," said the wise young man, shaking his head. "Not a bit like it. You do it too well. That's too much like a speech."

"I'm tellin' you the truth."

"No; you're too smooth. A bike rider that was really busted and had to make the touch wouldn't do it like that. I'll tell you what I will do. I'll give you some money, but it's with the understanding that I ain't bein' worked for a sucker, and you tell me what your graft is."

"I don't know what you mean by that."

"Oh, yes, you do. If you're goin' to talk that way you get no money out of me."

The man in the bicycle suit looked at the young fellow for a moment and then said:

"I'll bet a dollar you've grafted in your time."

"That's all right about me. I'm askin' about you. Are you a bike rider on the square?"

"Well, the fact is, I haven't bought my wheel yet," and he smiled.

"That's what I thought. What's the object in wearing the suit?"

"Say, the greatest graft in the world. I can go anywhere with this suit on. In the country—the best thing you ever heard of. I used to, when I struck a country town broke, hang around the section house or go through the alleys. Now when I hit a town I walk right up the main street and go into the best hotel and ask if they've got any Chicago papers. No matter how tough or dirty I look it goes, because people think I'm out for a long ride. I couldn't look any worse than some of the regular kind. If anybody asks me where my wheel is I tell 'em I left it at some house out in the edge of town. But they don't ask you often. They see you with the suit, and that's enough. Every bike crank is after you to find out how far you've rode and what kind of a wheel you've got, but that's easy enough. You tell 'em a hard luck story and you can get most anything—never a touch, understand; just a loan. That's a good, reasonable story, don't you think?—changed my route a little and won't get any money until I reach some town a hundred miles ahead."

"How is it when you get out in the country?"

"I'm stronger there than anywhere else. When I go to strike a woman for a hand-out I don't ask her if she can spare me a little something to eat. That's too much like a tramp. I say: 'How much will you charge me for a couple of slices of bread and butter and a cup of coffee?' Now, if a man with money asked that question he might be running some risk, but I can't get the worst of it. Nine times out of ten the woman says she won't charge me anything. If she wants me to pay I'm at liberty to say the price is too high and walk away. It's the best scheme in the world."

"I believe it would work."

"I know it. The woman always thinks the wheel's out in front of the house. If she sees you coming on foot and asks you about the wheel, you can tell her that you left it somewhere back on the road to be repaired. A man in a bicycle suit can get to ride on freight trains when a regular hobo would be pitched off. It just shows that people have some respect for a man that's worth any money, and, of course, a man that owns a bicycle has got to

be ahead of the game a little."

"It's a tough-looking suit," remarked the young man.

"The tougher the better. Then people know you're a long-distance rider and have been out on the country roads. I come mighty near getting into trouble down near Momence, though. A man wanted me to try his wheel and tell him what I thought of it."

"Can't you ride it?"

"I should say not. How do you s'pose I'd ever learn to ride? I never saw the price of a wheel, leave alone having one."

"Don't people ever get on to you?"

"Oh, they may, but what if they do? I've got a right to wear any kind of clothes I want to. Besides, this is a great make-up for beating around the country. A sweater lasts forever, and there's always one way to get long black stockings."

"How long have you been in Chicago?"

"I've been here three days, droppin' around into different places and giving that story I told you. How did you get on?"

"You told your story too well. You want to change it a little and put more feeling into it."

"Is that so? Mebbe I ain't as good as I thought I was. I fool the coppers, though. I was asleep in Washington square the other night with some other fellows when a cop came through. He rapped all the other fellows on the feet and punched 'em with his club, but when he got to me and saw the suit he just shook me by the shoulder and asked where my wheel was. I told him I'd left it at the repair shop. 'Well,' he says, 'you're runnin' quite a risk if you sleep here with all these tough characters around.' So I thanked him and went out to find another place to sleep. You haven't forgot what you said about handin' me a piece of money?"

"No. I'll give up to you. Here's a quarter. I like any man who's good at his particular line of business."

"Well, I think I'm pretty fair. I went in to look at a new kind of wheel yesterday and the man in the store gave me a cigar. I hadn't thought of the bicycle store before. They ought to be good. Well, I'm going to take this quarter and buy some oil for my lamp. Good-by."

"Good-by."

"The Secret of a Ripe Old Age."

HOW long will you live? Professor Grindon says it is needless to worry about an elixir of life or to go on travels in search of the fabled fountain of eternal youth. The answer rests with ourselves. "We do not die; we kill ourselves," contends the professor, and when we consider the irregular habits of the human race, the intemperance, the gluttony, the indulgence in animal passions, the fret and worry, the waste of physical and mental powers, the useless expenditure of vital forces, we shall see there is a good deal of solid truth at the bottom of the idea.

Man has been endowed with a sufficient supply of vital forces, or resources, from which to draw upon, to enable him to live to a good old age. He is free to use them as he will. He is independent and unrestricted, and can act with the same liberty as if he had \$50,000 standing to his credit in the bank. He can spend that \$50,000 in one year, if he so desires, or even in a week or a day, or he can judiciously expend it in such a manner as to administer to his necessities and comforts during the whole period of his life. So with the vital forces given to our credit by the Creator. A conservation of these forces insures a useful and happy life, extended to its natural term of existence. That common expression, "he is living fast," when referring to a person on his downward career, states both a moral and physiological truth.

An injury to health, and consequently a shortening of life, is the turning of night into day. The sun is the life-giving force of the universe. The day is the time for work and exercise; the night is the time for rest and growth. Any attempt to reverse this order will be disastrous to health. The night is the time Nature utilizes for growth. Plants grow much more in the night than in the day, as can be proven by measurement. The growth is from two to three times that in the daytime. The same fact is true of animal life. Children grow more rapidly in the night-time. The night's sleep recuperates the powers and energy of the adult. Plants and animals must have the alternate of night and day. It was observed by a gentleman who had a pear tree in his yard under an all-night electric light, that the tree, which had borne fruit prolifically before, ceased to bear fruit when subjected all night to the artificial light. The continuous light killed the tree as a fruit bearer. It was necessary for the alternate of darkness to insure the blossom and fruit. Outdoor life is also a requisite to longevity. Exercising in a gymnasium will not take the place of open-air life. No law of Nature clips the thread of existence at three-score and ten. Vital statistics show that among the higher races the average of human life has nearly doubled in two hundred years. The causes that have operated so far to increase

our years are still operative and are multiplying their power. The grosser races are falling under the influences of sanitary laws. The most subtle and sweeping causes of disease are hunted out and are being put under control. Man's will is increasing its dominion. The question has even been raised whether we may not be able to so control environments as to live for ever. Certain it is that at present our vitality is for the most part wasted. The result of a more profound knowledge of physical and psychological laws, it is certain, will induce us to live far more wisely than we do. There seems to be no reason for doubting that the average of life can again be doubled. If once, why not twice? If twice, who shall say what is the end?

Lord Rosebery on Robert Burns.

OF the many orations delivered on the centennial anniversary (July 21) of Robert Burns, the address given by Lord Rosebery at Dumfries, near to the house where Burns lived, attracts the widest attention. It is a masterpiece of delicate expression, and we reproduce parts of it.

"A century ago, in poverty, delirium, and distress there was passing the soul of Robert Burns. To him comes in clouds and darkness the end of a long agony of body and soul. He is harassed with debt, his bodily constitution is ruined, his spirit is broken, his wife is daily expecting her confinement. He has lost almost all that rendered his life happy, much of friendship, credit, and esteem. Some score years before one of the most charming of English writers as he lay dying was asked if his mind was at ease, and with his last breath Oliver Goldsmith owned that it was not. So it was with Robert Burns. His delirium mostly dwelt on the horrors of a jail; he uttered curses on the tradesman who was pursuing him for debt."

"What business," said he to his physician in a moment of consciousness, 'what business has a physician to waste his time upon me? I am a poor pigeon not worth plucking; alas! I have not feathers enough to carry me to my grave.'"

"I suppose there are many who can read the account of these last months with composure. They are more fortunate than I. There is nothing much more melancholy in all biography—the brilliant poet, the delight of all society, from the highest to the lowest, sits brooding in silence over the drama of his spent life, the early innocent home, the plow, and the savor of fresh-turned earth, the silent communion with nature and his own heart, the brief hour of splendor, the dark hour of neglect, the mad struggle for forgetfulness, the bitterness of vanished homage, the gnawing doubt of fame, the distressful future of his wife and children—an endless witch-dance of thought without clue or remedy, all-perplexing, all soon to end while he is yet young, as men regard youth, though none know so well as he that his youth is gone, that his race is run, his message delivered."

Passing from the sad picture of the poet's death, Lord Rosebery paid an eloquent tribute to his deathless fame:

"Burns had honor in his lifetime, but his fame has rolled like a snowball since his death, and it rolls on. There is, indeed, no parallel to it in the world. It sets the calculations of compound interest at defiance. He is not merely the watchword of a nation that carries and implants Burns worship all over the world, as birds carry seeds, but he has become the champion and patron saint of democracy. He bears the banner of the essential equality of man. His birthday is celebrated one hundred and thirty-seven years after its occurrence more universally than that of any human being. He reigns over a greater dominion than any empire that the world has ever seen. Nor does the ardor of his devotees decrease. Ayr and Ellisland, Mauchline and Dumfries, are the shrines of countless pilgrims. Burns statues are a hardy annual. The production of Burns manuscripts was a lucrative branch of industry until it was checked by untimely intervention. The editions of Burns are as the sands of the sea. No canonized name in the calendar excites so blind and enthusiastic a worship. Whatever Burns may have contemplated in his prediction, whatever dream he may have fondled in the wildest moments of elation, must have fallen utterly short of the reality; and it is all spontaneous. There is no puff, no advertisement, no manipulation. Intellectual cosmetics of that kind are frail and fugitive. They rarely survive their subject. They would not have availed here."

A Thankless Guest.

First Distinguished Colonist—By the way, have you seen anything of that very decent young fellow since you came to London—the man whom you put up at your station a good part of last year?

Second Distinguished Colonist—Oh, yes! I met him the other night at Lady Linoletton's reception, and he kindly bestowed on me the unused half of a smile which he had put together for a passing duke.

Actors' Anecdotes.

Matt Snider always had a rooted objection to learning any more of his part than he could help, and never dreamed of committing anything like a letter, which could be read off. In Richelieu, a great deal of the plot hinges on a communication from the King, which Mauprat gives Baradas, saying, "Read, read." Once, for pure wickedness, Will Thorne, who was playing Mauprat, handed Baradas a blank sheet, knowing perfectly well that Snider could not say a word for it. "Read, read," he commanded. Baradas looked at it gravely, then handed it back, saying, "You read it!" Thorne, of course, had never learned it, so he exclaimed, "Nay, you!" forcing the letter back upon the unhappy Snider, who took it, and said sorrowfully, "Mauprat, would you know the truth? I can't read!" "Then," said Thorne, "we will withdraw and discuss this at some length," which they did, leaving the audience somewhat bewildered.

Charles Richman began his theatrical career under adverse circumstances which his quick wits turned into favorable ones. He was acting with a certain star, who, according to his own story, discharged him eleven times for incompetence. Still, he stayed on, and finally she proposed marriage to him. Richman told her she shouldn't joke that way with him, whereupon she discharged him in good earnest. Richman went to another prominent actress, looking for a place. "But why did you leave—?" she asked in surprise. "Discharged for incompetence," was the laconic answer. The actress laughed and decided that he was original enough to be worth trying, and from that moment his success began.

Charles Salisbury played for three seasons with a stock company in Buffalo, where he was most cordially disliked. He was away just before the fourth season began, but telegraphed, "When do we open?" "Wouldn't have you at any price," came the cutting answer. With cheerful promptness, Salisbury wired back, "Terms accepted. What do we open in?"

Beerbohm Tree is rather fond of expounding his theories and describing his experiences, and is generally surrounded by a crowd of eager sycophants, who ask nothing better than to listen and admire. Once at the Green Room Club in London, Henry Hamilton sat patiently among the listeners for a long time, then suddenly started up. "Just wait a minute," he exclaimed. The actor paused and everyone looked around. "Now, let's talk about me," he continued affably.

Desdemona lay dead, and James, as the swarthy Moor, pressed his agitated hand to his forehead. In the midst of his anguish, he noticed that a large layer of his complexion had come off on his hand, and acting on a wicked impulse, he gently stroked the face of his murdered wife until it wore a dusky mustache and imperial. Soon Amelia burst into the room and rushed to the bedside, but instead of a cry of despair, a hysterical whoop broke from her. One by one the others followed, each in turn choking explosively, until the great Wardle himself, *alias* Iago, was seen heaving with laughter over the victim of his treachery. After the play he called James aside. "That was very funny, my boy," he said kindly, "and it will cost you just fifty dollars." And Desdemona was glad of it.

During the late Justice Lamar's incumbency as Secretary of the Interior he was often annoyed by a buxom female who paid him daily visits to get his opinion on matters of no importance to him whatever. Finally, becoming exasperated at the woman, he gave his doorkeeper orders not to admit her under any circumstances. However, not a day passed that she did not make an effort to gain a hearing, and on an unusually late visit happened to meet the Secretary just as he was about to enter his carriage.

"Mr. Lamar," said she breathlessly, "I must see you on a most important subject, and at once."

"Very well, madam," said the urbane Secretary, holding open the door of the vehicle for her, "I beg of you to get in."

Delighted to be invited to drive with so important a personage, the jabbering creature jumped into the carriage, Lamar violently slamming the door on her, and before she could expostulate, heard him saying to the coachman:

"Take the lady wherever she wishes to go, James, and then to the stable."

Looking out of the window, the now irate occupant saw her late victim boarding a car.

What is it we all frequently say we will do, and no one has ever yet done?—Stop a minute.

A flirt is a rose from which everybody takes a leaf; the thorns remain for the future husband.

He (*a fin de siècle youth*)—Now, why should Adam have wanted to marry Eve? She (*a fin de siècle maiden*)—Why, she had an apple and he wanted it.—*Life*.

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Anecdotal.

The Critic says that when the notorious Lueger, whose platform was the extinction of the Jews of Vienna, was up for election as Burgomaster, a poor Jew took a bribe of a couple of florins to vote for him. "God will frustrate him," said the pious Jew. "Meantime I have his money."

Mr. John Burns, a very serious member of the House of Commons, was speaking in a pessimistic strain about what he felt to be a great falling off in the character and standing of that august body. "Since I came into this house, four years ago," he said, "the confidence of the public in it has been much diminished. And he is still wondering why everybody laughed."

Some Americans were dining with a Frenchman at a cafe in Paris, when a stranger, in trying to take some wraps down from a hook, knocked a large Derby hat into the middle of their table. The Frenchman sprang up in a fury and whirled around at the stranger; then, with only a slight shrug, sat down again, perfectly calm and serene. "It was a Cherman," he explained blandly.

In the breach of promise case of Foote versus Greene, in which the latter was alleged to have been cajoled into the engagement by the plaintiff's mother, that lady completely baffled Scarlett, who was counsel for the defendant. By one of the happiest strokes of advocacy he turned his failure into success. "You saw, gentlemen of the jury, I was but a child in her hands. What, then, must my client have been?"

Mrs. Blank of Ohio gave a luncheon a week ago in Washington to some Ohio delegates to the Christian Endeavor convention. There was ice-cream for dessert, and the hostess noticed that one of her guests had eaten all her portion. "Dear Miss X," said she, "do let me give you some more ice-cream." "Well," replied Miss X, diffidently, "just a mouthful, if you please." "Mary," said the hostess to the maid, "fill Miss X's plate." And she doesn't know to this day why a woman across the table choked over her chocolate.

Lincoln was a man to whom others instinctively appealed when troubled or in doubt. Mr. Ralph Emerson, a young lawyer who was worried by the discrepancies between his profession and his ideals, once came to him. "Mr. Lincoln, I want to ask you a question," he said. "Is it possible for a man to practice law and always do by others as he would be done by?" Lincoln's head dropped on his breast and he walked in silence for a long way; then he heaved a heavy sigh. When he finally spoke, it was of a foreign matter. "I had my answer," said Mr. Emerson, "and that walk turned the course of my life."

This story is not new but it may be worth repeating. An Englishman having told an Englishman that he shot, upon an occasion, nine hundred and ninety-nine snipe, his interlocutor asked him why he didn't make it a thousand at once. "No," said he, "not likely I'm going to tell a lie for one snipe." Whereupon the Englishman, determined not to be outdone, began to tell a long story of a man having swum from Liverpool to Boston. "Did you see him?" asked the American suddenly. "Did you see him yourself?" "Why, yes, of course I did; I was coming across and our vessel passed him a mile out of Boston harbor." "Well," said the American, "I'm glad you saw him, because you are a witness that I did it. That was me!"

In connection with the canal which Mehemet Ali caused to be cut by unskilled Fellah labor, to connect the waters of the Nile with the sea at Alexandria, a characteristic story of the Napoleon of Egypt has been told. A French engineer, in conversation, ventured to criticize the Viceroy's plan for the canal, while the work was in course of completion. "Your Highness," he said, "will pardon me for suggesting that your canal will be very crooked." "Do rivers in France always run in a straight line?" promptly asked the Pasha. "Certainly not," responded the surprised Frenchman. "Did not Allah make them?" "Assuredly, your Highness," replied the engineer, who thought the questioner's wits were wandering. "Well, then," answered Mehemet Ali triumphantly, "do you think you or I know better than Allah how water ought to run? I imitated him in my canal, otherwise it soon would be a dry ditch, not a canal." The Frenchman was silenced, if not convinced, and the canal was certainly made very crooked, and so remains.

The Organist of St. Louis' Church.

Miss V. Cartier, organist of St. Louis' church, Montreal, and piano virtuoso, has selected and purchased a Pratte Piano for her own use.

Between You and Me.

READ a funny letter about the summer doings of parsons the other day, which announced that they spent their holidays planning for the spiritual welfare of their parishioners. Of all the absurd statements settled upon the "cloth" that seemed to me the most absurd. Just to test it I interviewed a parson, and when I asked him something about his parish he said: "Please don't talk shop; I am trying to forget it." Another one said: "I came away off here because I am sure none of my congregation will," and a third assured me that he needed complete rest of mind and body for July and August, and he got it, as I can testify, not even going to church, excusing himself by the fact that the service was garbled by the Low church parson.

A parson, who is expected to hold in attention to psychic matters the minds of some hundreds of people twice on a Sunday, expends, if he does so, tremendous psychic force, and many a man so doing is a wreck of limp humanity on Sunday evening, fit only for a soothing draught and ten hours' sleep. All the week long he is torn asunder between high spiritual thoughts and paltry trivialities which crop up, especially in the working of a city parish, with its numerous guilds, societies and overlapping fields of effort.

Next to the parson's wife, the parson is the being on earth most appealing to my consideration, and many years of intimacy with the two in divers fields of labor has yearly strengthened my impression concerning them. Of course there are selfish folk among the clergy, but they are not in the usual proportion, and the two months' holiday in summer isn't a selfish but a necessary indulgence. If I should see a clergyman studying, worrying, and planning in some midsummer retreat of holiday-makers, I think the spectacle would make me give him a wide berth. Either he has not done his work well the year before, or he will not do it well the year after. By all means let the poor parson go fishing for real fish, and go swimming, and camping, and loafing in the lap of Nature, till he comes back with the force she is so ready to bestow, and comes back so much the nearer to Nature's God.

Talking about Nature reminds me that Mr. Gay and I are at last agreed upon a matter which has long been a source of difference, no less a thing than the witchery of Muskoka. His faculties are not easily enthralled, and he is apt to think of a glass of cool lager when supposed to be drinking in the charms of Niagara Falls, or to yearn for a "light" when confronted with the most gorgeous sunset show, but he has always loved Muskoka. For years I have had Muskoka-phobia. Two short visits, many years ago, when various absurd contretemps such as hoodoo some travelers pursued me relentlessly, left such an impression of annoyance, unrest and discomfort that if anyone invited me to go to Muskoka I had always an engagement on ice to produce at a moment's warning. A little while ago some one asked us again, and half in jest the invitation was accepted. And lo! the witchery is upon me. Crowds cannot vulgarize Muskoka, romp they never so madly. The water washes away the trail of the vulgar white man, the white woman has no show for startling extravagance, in the proud rocky islands that greet her freaks with the hauteur of the old school, or ignore her altogether. Suppose you are steaming, sailing, rowing, canoeing upon the dimpling lake, with the sweet pine-scented air softly kissing your face, and you see among the ruffling ripples a narrow streak of perfectly smooth water, why, you know a "ghost-boat" has floated by with its dusky crew, its pair of Indian lovers, or its solitary paddler; just under your nose has floated the ghost-boat. Do you not see its path? I should not dare trust myself alone on these bewitched waters, for so sure as I found the wake of a ghost-boat, I should follow it involuntarily, and when it stopped, as it does, right suddenly, what could I do but still follow it, down, down, down!

Early in the gray dawn one wakens with a piteous cry for help in one's ears. Ah! the plaintive, half-choked wail; was ever anything so near and so insistent? And by the time you have put on some clothes and rushed down to the water, and called and peered in an agony of terror and suspense, comes the boatman to smile and say, "It's the loons, Miss; didn't you know?" And so the loons go grieving on, and your heart resumes its normal speed, and one more witchery is added to your list.

Here they found a frozen hunter and his dog one winter, and the dog howls yet, long heart-broken howls, and I have heard them; and here a king eagle built a nest, and his queen hatched her wild birdlets, and some Goth with no soul but what was on his boots let himself down over the cliff to steal the brood, and I am quite glad the ropes broke! But the eagles never built on that shelf again, only sometimes they whirl and flap about it, at least ghost-eagles do, looking down at their memory of the bruised and broken thing which had rushed past them in the sunlight as they cuddled together years ago and waited for the king and queen to fetch them their lunch.

All over the Muskoka lakes broods this atmosphere of weird, beautiful, spiritual things, evanescent as the morning mist, but, to the soul alive, always just beside it. This is the witchery of Muskoka, and its work shows in the rested, peaceful eyes, the deep breathing, the full heartbeats of those who steep themselves therein. Why I missed it long ago, I think I understand. I seemed to read some such secret as I looked miles and leagues down into the clear mirror of Shadow River, where the lowest depths show the highest point, the cloud-flecked zenith of a faultless summer sky, and where some of the secret of Muskoka witchery lies hid.

LADY GAY.

Don't Wait for the Sick Room.

The experience of physicians and the public proves that taking Scott's Emulsion produces an immediate increase in flesh; it is therefore of the highest value in wasting diseases and consumption.

Comforting.



Dorothy—Well, dear, what success?
Mabel—I went on a fool's errand.
Dorothy—I thought as much when you started.

A Good Samaritan.

Having Found Health He Points the Way to Others.

His Advice Was Acted Upon by Mr. Miles Pettit of Wellington, Who, as a Result, Now Rejoices in Renewed Health and Strength.

From the Picton Times.

Mr. Miles Pettit of Wellington was a recent caller at the Times office. He is an old subscriber to the paper, and has for years been one of the most respected business men of Wellington. He is also possessed of considerable inventive genius, and is the holder of several patents for his own inventions. The Times was aware of Mr. Pettit's serious and long continued illness, and was delighted to see that he had been restored to health. In answer to enquiries as to how this had been brought about, Mr. Pettit promptly and emphatically replied "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did it." Being further interrogated as to whether he was willing that the facts should be made public, he cheerfully consented to give a statement for that purpose, which in substance is as follows: He was first attacked in the fall of 1892, after assisting in digging a cellar. The first symptom was lameness in the right hip, which continued



for nearly two years. It then gradually extended to the other leg and to both feet. The sensations were a numbness and pricking, which continued to get worse and worse, until he practically lost control of his feet. He could walk but a short distance before his limbs would give out, and he would be obliged to rest. He felt that if he could walk forty rods without resting he was accomplishing a great deal. He had the best of medical attendance and tried many medicines without any beneficial results. He remained in this condition for about two years, when he unexpectedly got relief. One day he was in Picton and was returning to Wellington by train. Mr. John Soby of Picton was also a passenger on the train. Mr. Soby, it will be remembered, was one of the many who had found benefit from Pink Pills, and had given a testimonial that was published extensively. Having been benefited by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills he has ever since been a staunch friend of the medicine, and noticing Mr. Pettit's condition made enquiry as to who he was. Having been informed, Mr. Soby tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Friend, you look a sick man." Mr. Pettit described his case, and Mr. Soby replied: "Take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I know from experience what virtue there is in them and I am satisfied they will cure you." Mr. Pettit had tried so many things and failed to get relief that he was somewhat skeptical, but the advice was so disinterested, and given so earnestly that he concluded to give Pink Pills a trial. The rest is shortly summed up. He bought the Pink Pills, used them according to

the directions which accompany each box, and was cured. His cure he believes to be permanent for it is now fully a year since he discontinued the use of the pills. Mr. Pettit says he believes he would have become utterly helpless had it not been for this wonderful, health restoring medicine.

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer, which, for the sake of extra profit to himself, he may say is "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make rich, red blood, and cure when other medicines fail.

London's Latest Folly.

London Daily Mail.

One of the most injurious and dangerous of new fashions is the tea cigarette.

Several descriptions of the tea cigarette have been printed, but these have erred in the presumption that the tea was taken as sold, rolled up in a paper and smoked. This would be practically impossible, as the sharp edges of the tea would cut the paper in all directions, spoil the draught and render the cigarettes unsmokable.

To make the tea cigarette one takes a grade of green tea which has but little dust, being composed of unbroken leaf, and dampens it carefully, just enough to permit the leaves to be unrolled without being broken, and so as to be left pliable and capable of being stuffed in the paper cylinder, while the dampness is not sufficient to stain the paper. The cigarettes are laid aside for a few days and are then ready to be smoked.

The feeling of a tea cigarette in the mouth is peculiar. The taste is not so disagreeable as might be supposed, but the effect on the tyro is a sense of thickening in the head and a disposition to take hold of something or sit down. If the beginner quits them, that settles it, he will not try tea cigarettes again. If, however, the smoker sits down and tries a second cigarette, inhaling it deeply, then the thickening feeling passes and is succeeded by one of intense exhilaration. The nerves are stimulated until the smoker feels like flying, skirt dancing, or doing something else entirely out of the common way. This stage lasts as long as the smoke continues, which is until the reaction of the stomach sets in.

Words cannot describe the final effects of the tea cigarette. The agony of the opium fiend is a shadow to that of the nauseated victim of the tea cigarette. It will be hours before food can be looked at, yet the first step toward a cure is a cup of tea. An hour afterwards comes the craving for the tea cigarette.

A Joke that Poets Will Appreciate.

Truth.

"Ah, for a lame back, I presume?" enquired the druggist suavely.

"No," replied the callow poet, who had asked for a porous plaster, "for writer's cramp."

"Pardon me, but how can you apply it to your wrist?"

"It isn't in my wrist—it's in my stomach."

Mrs. Woodbie Wise—"I don't like Alma Tadem's pictures. His women have too long legs. Wise—They'd look funny with three, wouldn't they?"

Miss Stinger—Well, you needn't complain; every woman chooses her own husband, you know. Mr. Nipper—Yes, the only trouble is she doesn't always get him.—Truth.



But to be sure of these results see the label on each yard when buying, as Fibre Chamois has many worthless imitations which never give satisfaction.



Fifty Years Ago.

President Polk in the White House chair, While in Lowell was Doctor Ayer; Both were busy for human weal. One to govern and one to heal. And, as a president's power of will Sometimes depends on a liver-pill, Mr. Polk took Ayer's Pills I trow For his liver, 50 years ago.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

were designed to supply a model purgative to people who had so long injured themselves with gripping medicines. Being carefully prepared and their ingredients adjusted to the exact necessities of the bowels and liver, their popularity was instantaneous. That this popularity has been maintained is well marked in the medal awarded these pills at the World's Fair 1893.

50 Years of Cures.

"SANITAS" NATURE'S GREAT DISINFECTANT.

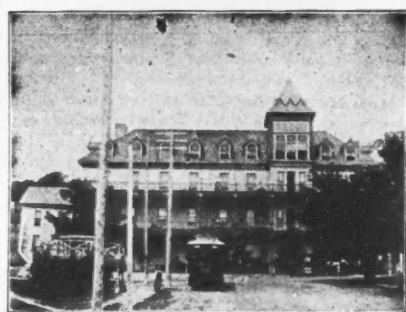
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We have scarcely ceased reading the magazine articles called forth by the death of the late Lord Leighton (the latest is a description by Mr. James Ward in the *Magazine of Art* for July of the artist's fresco painting, in which Mr. Ward was for years an assistant), when his successor in the presidency of the Royal Academy, Sir John Millais, also passes away. His work was deservedly popular, for it touched the public heart, as in his *Huguenot* and *Lovers*, *Order of Release*, *Yes or No*, and many others, for he was a most prolific painter. As one of his critics once remarked, with such ease was his work done, so well had he mastered his tools, that he could paint standing on one leg. But the dark side of this "fatal facility" was over-production, signs of carelessness and haste, too little preliminary preparation (a marked contrast to his predecessor's methods), so that his place will never be in the front rank of England's artists. He seems to have been remarkably gifted as a boy, and every advantage was his in the way of study. At eighteen he had won the gold medal of the Academy, the greatest honor the school can bestow; at twenty-five he was elected an associate of the Academy, with the exception of Sir Thomas Lawrence the youngest artist who ever attained the honor, and at thirty-four was an R. A. Along with Rossetti, Holman Hunt and others—seven in all—he formed the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, a term used to show their predilection for the painters who lived before Raphael, such as Giotto and Fra Angelico. Their motto was "Truth," and their method of realizing it was to generalize nothing, but paint everything in detail. The untruthfulness of this may readily be imagined, for, giving the same attention to things important or unimportant, distant or near, all qualities of air, perspective and relation were lost. These methods, however, were soon left behind. Sir John Millais had little enjoyment of his honors as president of the Academy; he never fully recovered from the effects of an operation last May, and gradually grew worse until his death last week.

The copyright of the picture, "Richard, Duke of Gloucester, and The Lady Anne," by Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, A.R.A., which was exhibited at this year's Royal Academy, has been acquired by the Art Union of London. The picture is to be etched by M. Leopold Flameng, the eminent French etcher.

Mr. Robert F. Gagen has received from the manager of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition the following resolution, passed at a meeting of the Board of Directors: "That a hearty vote of thanks be tendered the Ontario Society of Artists for the magnificent display made by the Society in the Art Gallery, and also to acknowledge the great debt they feel under to Mr. F. McGillivray Knowles for his arduous labors in arranging the exhibit and judging in the competition for the prizes."

Although the prices of the pictures sold at this exhibition were lower than was expected, still the number of sales was highly satisfactory. Among those who exhibited and whose work was sold were: Misses May Martin, G. Spurr and H. Ford, and Messrs. M. Matthews, G. Bruenech, F. A. Verner, F. M. Bell-Smith, F. L. Foster, R. F. Gagen, W. A. Sherwood, C.

MR. DICKSON PATTERSON, R.C.A.

Appointments to visit studio and business arrangements concerning portraiture may be made through the agency of James Bain & Son, 53 King Street East.

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Has removed his studio to 24 King Street West, Manning Arcade.

F. MCGILLIVRAY KNOWLES

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BLUNDERS errors, mistakes, seem to be the order of things these days, and the blunderer, whether Express Co., Railway Co., or Merchant, seems disinclined to make even a decent apology. Trade where no blunders are made, or if an error arises where it will be corrected with promptness and courtesy. **THE ART METROPOLIS**, the Only Complete Art Store, 131 Yonge St., Toronto.

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"Charge of the Light Brigade"

A Beautifully Colored Engraving OF CATON WOODVILLE'S celebrated picture of this subject, now on view and for sale at **MATTHEW'S - 95 Yonge St.**

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Cheaper.



Tommy—What did you get on your birthday?
Sallie—A bicycle. What did you get?
Tommy—A hickin'.

M. Manly, Henry Martin, W. E. Atkinson, F. McG. Knowles and W. D. Blatchley.

A statue of Marceline Desbordes-Valmore, one of the most graceful of minor French lyrists, was recently unveiled in Douai, where she was born in 1785. Some of her work was long ago translated into English, and may be found in most international anthologies. She died in Paris in 1859. The statue is by M. Edouard Houssin.

Miss Linton of Stratford, who has lately returned from Cuba, is sending a group of her water-color sketches made while there, and consisting of landscape and figure pieces, to the Industrial Fair here. Also we learn that two of the late Paul Peel's pictures have been received and will be exhibited.

Mr. F. L. Foster is at Vankleek on the Ottawa river, making good use of his time and brush.

Both the Royal Canadian Academy and the Ontario Society of Artists have lost a valuable member in James Griffiths of London, who passed away last week at the ripe age of 82. He was a charter member of both institutions, and his work will be missed at the exhibitions, as will his aid in the various interests of art. It will be a pleasant thought for his brother artists that he passed from this life while in the midst of his favorites, for we learn he was attending his garden when met by man's last enemy—or friend.

A plea is being made in many art centers for the admittance of the work of the china painter, as distinct from the china decorator, to the picture galleries along with the work of other artists.

Of the work of the Scotch genre painter, David Wilkie, only those which he painted in Spain are in good condition. This is considered to be owing to the fact that bitumen, his favorite color, was there beyond reach. Other pigments, also, which he used have proved unsafe so that little idea can now be had of his color, which, however, was never his strong point. **LYNN C. DOYLE.**

When a Woman Will.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

Society Editor—Mr. Willis tells me that his family will spend the summer in the mountains, and his wife says they will go to the seashore. Had I better defer mentioning the matter until I get more definite information? Managing Editor—I don't see what more definite information you want. She told you they were going to the sea-shore, didn't she?

For the Plain People.

Truth.

"Custard pie," said Mr. O'Racle, as he pursued a hunk of the viand around his plate with his fork, "is the most democratic of foods."

The new boarder, who had not learned that listeners at table are likely to lose valuable time, stopped eating and looked up.

"Because," continued Mr. O'Racle, after his Adam's apple had recovered from the spasmodic movements that accompanied the disappearance of the pie, "it is never associated with the upper crust."

And the meal was finished in silence.

Spurious Tea.

A Large Consignment Rejected in New York.

In an interview with the "Salada" Ceylon Tea Company, in reference to an article which appeared in the *New York Tribune* of recent date about the refusal of a very large lot of low grade China teas at that port, and the report that these teas were likely to try for entry at Montreal, or some other Canadian port of entry, Mr. Larkin said: "Well, we have been telling the people of Canada for years back that they should cease entirely the drinking of the spurious teas, or, if not spurious, at least the largely adulterated and colored teas of China and Japan, when they can so easily get in these days the cleanly prepared and thoroughly pure teas of Ceylon and India. Teas in these countries are grown and prepared under the supervision of Englishmen, and no adulteration nor any coloring matter ever finds its way into them, and for this and many other reasons, they are known to be much healthier to drink. After teas in Ceylon and India are packed they are never touched by the hand, and not even the grocer can get at them. They are fired by machinery, and packed into sealed lead packets, thereby retaining all their delicious aroma until they go into the consumer's teapot; hence the wonderful popularity that 'Salada' Ceylon tea has gained during the last few years. This popularity extends now from Victoria to Halifax, and in the border towns of Buffalo, Detroit and Rochester. In one shipment last week the 'Salada' Ceylon Tea Company consigned over forty chests of this delicious tea to Buffalo." *Toronto Globe.*

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

JOHN.—Your answer was sent by post. This study will be retained until reply is received by me.

VINCA AND CORINNE.—I do not find coupons enclosed. Corinne's enclosure of Leonardo's writing is distinctly against the rules, neither of you seem to have troubled to peruse.

WINDERMERE.—Perhaps this may catch the eye of the guest at above place, who sent some society copy last week. I regret that I did not open the note before, but if people persist in sending personal notes to correspondence column, instead of to the Society Editor, they must not feel put out if the item goes astray.

JAYCK.—You are firm, constant, tenacious and very practical, good-tempered and somewhat clever. You can accommodate yourself to circumstances, are reasonably discreet, but lack close reasoning power and sequence of ideas. You have excellent energy and a decided individuality. I don't think you are methodical or neat.

CARMONA.—Your writing lacks firmness and finish, which time will no doubt bestow. You are very fond of fun, very illogical, apt to yield to impulse, a young thing full of fancies. There are some attractive lines, a good deal of energy, bright perception and a promise of success. You do not water in affection or resolve.

HOWARD.—Your writing is full of perversity. Don't you kick a good deal against the pricks? You are clever, magnetic, impulsive and hot-headed, able to love truly, apt to be very exacting, and also inclined to jealousy. Women aren't angels yet, my man. You have a decided artistic bent. Surely you are prominent in that way.

CORONA.—Thanks for your opinion. As it happens often, when opinions are given unsolicited, it is not altogether as valuable as you imagine. However, what one thinks is generally of most consequence to the thinker. Had you been better acquainted with the facts, you'd have hesitated before writing. I shall most decidedly omit to mention your remarks.

YORICK.—Your suggestion came too late. Sir John Millais is, as you know by this time, beyond reach of it. 2. Your writing shows much ingenuity, facility and decided taste for schemes and speculations. You are inconsistent, clever and not prone to feel very deeply. A little tendency to duplicity is shown, and a good deal of vacillation. No one who makes those wiggling upstrokes goes at things straightforwardly, nor do the uneven downstrokes mean decision and firm action. You need concentration, and, above all, principle.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER.—1. Prices vary from ten to a hundred dollars. Of course, only a small picture can be made with the cheap cameras, but some of them are wonderfully good. The Pony Premo at \$25 is good. The one you name with star shutter is good. The Hammer plates are also first-class. Mr. Mulholland of 159 Bay Street will give you excellent choice of cameras. 2. Your writing shows care, ambition to excel, rather a serious temperament, a slightly selfish turn, a practical, firm purpose. The writing is not thoroughly developed, but promises great things.

LUCINDER.—1. My dear girl, your poetry and the hot wave nearly finished me. You did well to "hope that naught would hinder an answer to Lucinder." Nothing shall, not if she dies of the shock. 2. Your writing shows a good deal of natural smartness and self-reliance, but its lines are without definite purpose. You are practical, and look out for No. 1: are somewhat susceptible, slightly humorous, careful and honest. You are truthful and discreet, have good sequence of ideas, but no marked talent or originality. I think in a few years you'll look at life differently.

PITTY SING.—The recipe for making the wash-bag has just come to hand. By a wash-bag, I take it for granted you mean a bath-bag. The bags are made from cheese-cloth, about four inches square, and the powder with which they are filled is prepared in the following proportions: A half pound of pure old Castile soap, scraped to a powder; five pounds of oatmeal, and a pound of powdered orris root; the Italian is the best. Use a bag as a sponge, dipping it in warm water and rubbing it upon the flesh; it makes a thick, fine lather, and unless there are internal disturbances which counteract its benefits the skin will grow beautifully soft and white in a short time.

VAN.—1. My dear fellow, I am covered with blushes over your delineation of my character. How did you ever assign me combativeness? Like a policeman, I always keep away from fights. However, it's just as well people should fancy I am spunky; it may make them respectful. 2. Your writing confesses you susceptible, open to influences in rather an extreme degree, careless of appearances, and oblivious of details. You neither do your 's nor cross your 't's, five times out of six. You are hopeful, ambitious, a great talker and fond of argument; very bright and magnetic, and of a vivacious manner. Secrets simply leak out of you, should anyone trust you with them. You are so interested in your thoughts that you must talk about them



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Would not any lady like to have all her outdoor garments made repellant to water if she could feel sure that not the slightest difference would be made in the material? Well, we stake our reputation on the fact that cloth proofed by the Rigby Process cannot be distinguished from the same cloth not proofed, except that it cannot be made wet—nor is the free circulation of air through the cloth interfered with in the least.



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CARTER'S Little Liver Pills

The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other, even if solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of same colored wrapper—RED.

BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S

expression is necessary. Your disposition is lovable, and your temper good. Your mind is receptive but not concentrated, and I should fancy you delight in speculation.

Cynthia—Jack kissed me last night. Ethel—He told me he didn't feel at all well this morning.

Willie—Mamma, have daisies got feet? Mamma—No, Willie, why? "I heard papa tell Mr. Gayboy that he saw a couple of them walking down Broad street last night."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Harvest Excursions.

In order to give everyone an opportunity to see the grand crops in the Western States and enable the intending settler to secure a home, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. has arranged to run a series of harvest excursions to South and North Dakota, and to other States in the West, North-west and Southwest on the following dates: July 21, August 4 and 18, September 1, 15, 29 and October 6 and 20, at the low rate of two dollars more than ONE FARE for the round trip. Tickets will be good for return on any Tuesday or Friday within twenty-one days from date of sale. For rates, time of trains and further details apply to any coupon ticket agent in the East or South, or address A. J. Traylor, Canadian passenger agent, 2 King Street East, Toronto, Ont.

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Has it occurred to you how easy, comfortable and convenient it now is to take a day trip from Toronto to New York? If not, just a moment while we tell you. You can leave Toronto every weekday at 9:05 a.m., get a through parlor car to Buffalo, without change, via the Grand Trunk and New York Central, reaching Buffalo at 12:30 p.m. Leave on the Empire State Express from the same station, via the New York Central, at 1:00 p.m., stopping only at Rochester, Syracuse, Utica and Albany. The many advantages of this trip are, that you go through pleasantly and quickly with only one change of cars from Toronto to New York. Avoid night travel. Land at Grand Central Station, the center of New York. Ride on the Empire State Express and the New York Central, which is an always will be America's greatest railroad. You can buy through tickets via the New York Central at any regular ticket office. For information desired, not obtainable at such offices, address Edson J. Weeks, General Agent N. Y. C. & H. R. R., 1 Exchange Street, Buffalo.

California Tokay.

California Tokay, a delicious pure sweet red wine. Do not confuse this with so-called tokay unfermented temperance beverages now being offered on the market. Our price is \$2.50 per gallon, or 50 cents per bottle. Mara's, 79 and 81 Yonge Street. Phone 1708.

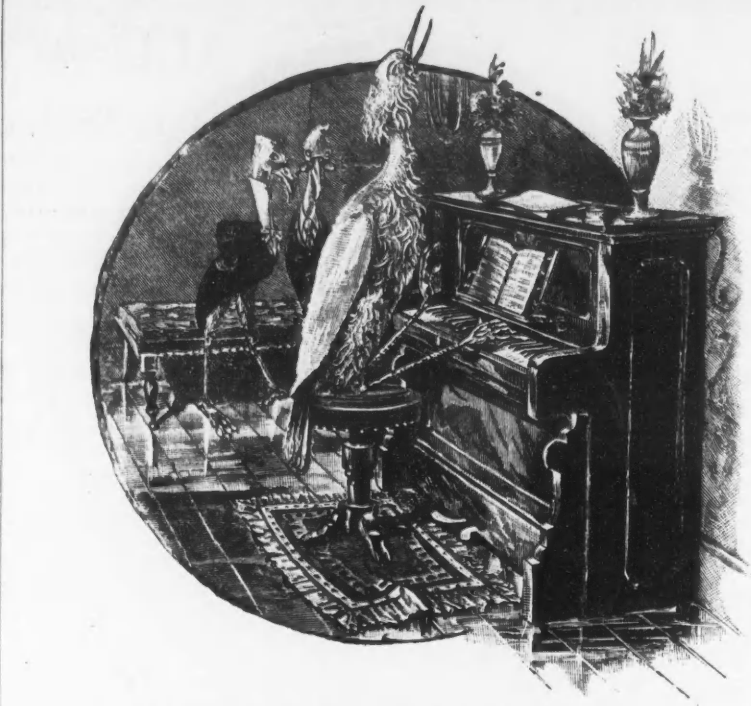


A correspondent writes me relative to the organ in Massey Hall, suggesting that it be re-tuned to a new pitch. He rightly complains that as it stands at present "it is too high for the low pitch and too low for the high pitch," consequently it is of little service as a support to an orchestra in oratorio and other performances. It might be added that a very desirable move at this juncture would be for a change in the pitch of our orchestras. The change will no doubt be introduced in due time and the lower pitch adopted, as in leading cities of the United States and the most prominent musical countries of Europe, but until this is done any change in the Massey Hall organ would simply aggravate matters, that is, if the organ were tuned so as to harmonize with the general movement towards the international or lower standard in pitch. Acoustically, Massey Hall seems particularly well adapted for organ music. One can only regret that the present very small and utterly inadequate instrument, which, considering its size, develops a remarkably large volume of tone, is not likely to be replaced by an organ in keeping with the dimensions of the hall. The manager of the hall contends that the limited use made of the present instrument will not justify any further expenditure in better equipping the hall in this respect. I am of the opinion, however, that were a larger organ procured it would be in frequent demand for recitals and other musical functions. The reputation of the hall would be greatly enhanced thereby. One need but refer to the famous organs of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, and Leeds Town Hall, and to the popularity of the organ recitals given in these places. The trustees of Massey Hall cannot, of course, be expected to furnish an immense organ unless there is a reasonable prospect of the venture proving successful from a financial point of view. Large music halls cannot be run on purely sentimental lines. At the same time the want of a fine concert organ, independent of any of our churches, is a constant drawback to the musical life and equipment of our city.

The London Musical Times several years ago, in referring to the temptations to make musical examinations a source of revenue rather than to have them develop as an artistic institution, said: "The temptation was, and is, to regard examinations as primarily a source of revenue for institutions and of remuneration for examiners; artistic considerations dropping into the second place. This consequence followed the extraordinary and sustained supply of examinees as naturally as reaction follows action, and could not fail of an ally in the weakness of human nature, from which not even directors of colleges and academies are wholly free. Of one thing we are sure—the tendency of the present state of things, with its competing examiners, and its varying standard of qualifications, tends to degrade a system which, properly worked, would do much good. It must also drag down the value of all musical certificates and honors. The public cannot be expected to discriminate between one examining body and another, and when they see—as may any day and anywhere be seen—'passed' candidates of glaring and hopeless incompetency, the danger is that they will tar all with the same brush, and sweepingly condemn the whole thing as a mere machine for getting money. We do not say that this point has been reached, or that it is within measurable distance, but towards it the course of recent developments has certainly led, and the time has come for preventive measures."

The same journal, under the heading of Hoops and Falsehoods, makes the following pointed remarks regarding lesser examining bodies: "Certificates of various scales of value are granted, and are duly estimated by the recipients, their instructors, and their friends. So long as the functions of these examining bodies are restricted to the issue of diplomas of this kind, they are rightly exercised, and no just cause of complaint ought to arise. When in the pride of their success they usurp the rights of more important bodies, it is time for those higher powers to place a check upon such actions. More than one of the self-constituted examining Companies go beyond their proper bounds in permitting the holders of certain of their diplomas to wear silk hoods and other badges of distinction. This is a direct interference with the prerogative of the British Universities, and should be discontinued by those who now permit their use, if they desire to act with that honesty of purpose with which they are credited. The hood, properly speaking, is the distinction of a graduate of the University."

A sacred concert was given in the Presbyterian church, Cobourg, on Tuesday evening of last week by the choir of the church, assisted by Madame De Dias Albertini, soprano, New York; Mrs. Charles Wright, contralto, Detroit; Mr. Harold Jarvis, tenor, Detroit; Mr. James M. Dickinson, organist, Drexel Institute, Philadelphia; Mr. H. Brigham, violinist, Savannah, and Mr. H. Knight, baritone, Bonnaville. The Cobourg Sentinel-Star in referring to the event says: "Perhaps the most enjoyable musical event in Cobourg in recent years was the Grand Sacred Concert which was held in the Presbyterian church on Tuesday evening. There was an array of distinguished talent to undertake the programme, assisted by a trained choir of 40 voices, so that every effort was put forth by Mr. Warner, the conductor, to provide a grand evening's entertainment. A large and fashionable audience crowded the sacred edifice to the doors, a great many having been attracted from Port Hope and other adjacent places by the elaborate



First Gentleman (admirably)—What a touch she has! Second Gentleman (ditto)—Yes, and such a range! She reaches her top notes so charmingly.

programme. . . . The choir, under Mr. Warner's direction, gave evidence of very careful training, being well balanced and singing with remarkable power."

The following letter has been received: Toronto, August 18, 1896. The Musical Editor of Saturday Night. Sir.—I notice in your last issue that exception is taken by some party to my statement that the musical examinations at Trinity College were to some extent conducted after the manner followed at Toronto University, where the examiner was in many instances the teacher of the candidate for musical degrees. The objection to my statement as raised by your informant as to the manner in which the examinations at Trinity are conducted, simply confirms, however, what I said in my letter of some weeks ago. Your informant claims that but two out of five papers are examined by the local examiner, who also, by the way, is the teacher of some of the candidates. This certainly justifies my statement that to some extent the methods followed at the two universities are similar. I am pleased to see the whole musical degree business thrashed out in your columns. The distemper of "too much alphabet" as William Best, the noted Liverpool organist, aptly terms it, should be well kept within bounds. The medical profession some years ago found it necessary to take radical measures to protect itself in this respect. Is it not time that the musical profession was also "getting a move on"? For my own part I sympathize with the idea that musicians are born, not made to order. All the degrees in the world, whether genuine or fake, will not furnish a musician with the divine spark. Yours truly, ANTI HUMBUG.

The Owen Sound Advertiser has the following: "Services in Knox church on Sunday last were greatly enlivened by the selections of Mrs. and Miss Cooper of Toronto. Mrs. Cooper is a powerful soprano, and Miss Cooper has a weaker but exquisitely sweet alto voice. At the morning service Linger with Me, Precious Saviour was rendered as a duet; and in the evening Mrs. Cooper sang, in most magnificent voice, Jesus, Lover of My Soul, and later, Jesus Christ Not was given in duet." The Advertiser goes on to say that no greater treat was ever enjoyed in Owen Sound.

Mme. Albani threatens to make another concert tour of the United States and Canada during the coming season. Indeed, it is stated that arrangements have already been completed to this end. The once famous songstress will be accompanied by several additional vocal and instrumental soloists, and the programmes to be presented by them will consist of operatic arias and songs and scenes from well known operas.

The most successful work presented at this year's Bayreuth festival was Die Walkure. The critics are unanimous as to the magnificent manner in which this splendid creation of Wagner's was presented. Das Rheingold, in its interpretation, seems to have given least satisfaction of any of the four works comprising the Niebelungen Tetralogy.

To H. N. R.—Your letter re the musical degree matter has been received. I would have been pleased to give space to the points you make had the personal references to local degree holders been omitted. It is not the purpose of this journal to allow a controversy of this character to descend to the level of a personal squabble.

Mr. Otto Floersheim, the Berlin correspondent of the New York Musical Courier, in a review of the past concert season in the German capital gives expression to the opinion that in point of artistic excellence and importance, as well as numbers of performances, Berlin to-day leads the world musically.

Mr. Fritz Giese, the celebrated violoncellist, died at his home in Boston on Wednesday, August 5. Mr. Giese was well known in Toronto, having frequently visited the city with the Mendelssohn Quintet Club when this organization was at its best. As a solo cellist Mr. Giese had few equals in America.

Mr. Hugh Kennedy, artied pupil of Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, is spending the month of August with his master at Penetanguishene. Mr. Kennedy, who is Mr. Haslam's assistant, resumes his duties in Toronto early next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves have sailed from London, Eng., for South Africa, where they purpose going on a concert tour. What have the South Afrikanders done to merit this?

Mr. Frederic Cowen, the eminent English composer and conductor, has written a symphony for production at next season's Manchester concerts.

Mr. Walter H. Robinson, choirmaster of the Church of the Redeemer, is spending several weeks' vacation on the Northern lakes.

MODERATO.

"What's the cause of all this twaddle about elevating the stage, I'd like to know?" "Want to get it above the level of the women's hats, I suppose."

Hearing Paganini.

Youth's Companion.

"The power of imagination is amusingly illustrated in the story told of an old lady who had never heard the celebrated violinist, Paganini, play, and one day obtained permission to attend a rehearsal of one of his concerts.

It so happened that Paganini did not take his violin with him to the rehearsal that day, but borrowed one from a member of the orchestra, and instead of playing as usual, simply kept up a kind of pizzicato accompaniment. After the rehearsal the old lady went up to Mr. Cooke, the musical director, and said in a burst of enthusiasm, "Oh, dear! Mr. Cooke, what a wonderful man he is! I declare I never knew what music was capable of till this morning."

"Indeed, madam, he is truly a marvelous man," assented Mr. Cooke with a smile; "but this morning you are indebted rather to your imagination than your ears for the delight you have had, for Paganini has not really played at all. He has not even touched a bow."

"Well," said the old lady, after a moment's astounded silence, recovering herself, "then all I can say is, he's even more remarkable than I thought he was! For if he can affect me in such a manner without playing, what should I do, how should I feel, when he really did play!"

Her Father—You ask my daughter's hand in marriage. Have you fixed the date of the marriage? Suitor—I will leave that to your daughter, sir. Her Father—Do you wish a church or private wedding? Suitor—Her mother can determine on that, sir. Her Father—And what is your income? Suitor—I will leave that entirely to you, sir.

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SPECIAL NOTE

In addition to the work in hand and applications filed for entrance, we will accept **only a limited number more**, it being imperative that the school should close in the early summer of 1897, prior to our removal. Only short term students admitted after Jan. 1st, 1897.

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Social and Personal.

A very pretty bride was Miss Jessie Deacon, second daughter of Mr. Alfred Deacon, as she entered St. Simon's church on Wednesday afternoon at half-past two o'clock, escorted by her father and attended by a maid of honor and a bridesmaid. The bridegroom, Mr. Alfred E. Parfitt of Brooklyn, and his fellow citizen, Mr. John Pettit, as best man, awaited the charming party at the chancel. The rector, Rev. T. C. Street Macklem, officiated. Miss Deacon was simply gowned in a trained dress of organdie muslin over white silk, and wore a tulle veil and orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of white roses, her own girlish beauty being her chief ornament. Miss Mossman wore a pink frock and hat and carried pink roses. The maid of honor, Miss Rosalie Tonkin, wore white frock and hat. After the wedding the young couple held a reception at the Deacon residence on Wellesley street, where an orchestra mingled sweet strains with the congratulations and good wishes of a number of friends. Mr. and Mrs. Parfitt left on the five o'clock train for a honeymoon in the East.

Miss Ruth L. Schryver of Shuter street is spending two or three weeks visiting friends in Auburn, N. Y., Buffalo and Rochester.

Misses Minnie and Annie Carson of Bleecker street took in the Mackinaw trip last week and are now visiting friends in Alliston and Tottenham.

The Roof Garden show is distinctly the best I have ever seen at that popular resort, and is well worth going over to see. Hefron, the one-legged singer, dancer, and high kicker, is a great card. Ramsay and Rich in their Laundry Girls' rig are very astonishing dancers. A clever little dancer and a fine-looking tenor are also on the programme, and the solos and Highland dances of Rose Munroe are very well done. The element of vulgarity is absolutely wanting in this week's programme.

"I always say just what I think," declared a rattle-brained chatterbox the other evening on a certain balcony. "Ah! do you ever think?" drawled an impertinent young man, and the listeners arose and called him blessed.

Some reckless man invaded the sacred precincts of the Guild Rest for working girls at Hanlan's one night this week and hung up a notice to the effect "MAN WANTED."

Mr. B. B. Osler and Mr. Emilus Irving have gone to the Law Association meeting at Saratoga. Lord Russell of Killowen is the lion of the convention.

Niagara-on-the-Lake.

None of the tournaments held this or any other season have attracted such a large and fashionable crowd as assembled at the Queen's Royal Friday and Saturday of last week to witness the bicycle gymkhana and battle of flowers. The idea was novel, very few had ever been present at one, and everybody was anxious to see how the first of what in future will be an annual event was going to succeed. If some predicted anything but complete success they were terribly mistaken, for the affair was one of the most entertaining and enjoyable possible. The floral parade was extremely pretty; about seventy-five or eighty wheels, all as pretty as artistic hands and a lavish abundance of beautiful flowers could make them, and all mounted by perfectly costumed riders, lined up on the green on Friday afternoon. Mr. Scott Griffin headed the procession as far as the gate, his wheel gay with scarlet flowers and wreaths of green, and a silver horn attached with scarlet ribbons to the handlebar. At a signal from him the procession started away for a tour of the town, with

fifteen or twenty of the fire brigade in front. Their bright scarlet uniforms added greatly to the general effect, and each man carried over his head a gay Japanese umbrella. On their return the prizes were awarded for the best decorated wheel and the most effective ensemble. The judges, Mr. A. Langmuir, Mr. J. Buchanan, and Mr. Hugh Baker, found the undertaking anything but light, for every wheel challenged criticism and each in turn seemed deserving of special favor. To Miss Mattie Winnett fell first prize for best decorated wheel, and the announcement that the decision had gone in her favor met with great applause from the spectators. She wore a simple white muslin dress, and her decorations were yellow roses and Japanese lilies. Mrs. Willie Boughton won first prize for the best ensemble, as everyone knew she would as soon as she appeared on the green. Her costume and wheel were perfect, and very fresh and sweet and pretty the little rider looked in a white duck Tam turned up at one side with two white quills, a white duck blouse, with scarlet and white necktie and belt, short white duck skirt, scarlet stockings and white shoes. Her wheel was most artistically decorated with masses of smilax, scarlet poppies and scarlet satin ribbon. The ensemble was decidedly the best and most effective of all. First prize for best decorated wheel—of the men's—went to Mr. Percy Papps of Hamilton, who hit on an elaborate combination of gladioli, maple leaves and black and red ribbons. Mr. Guy Boughton won first prize for best ensemble. His wheel was very pretty with golden rod and smilax, and wherever it was possible green and yellow ribbons intertwined the wheels, and he carried, or rather, had fastened to the center of the wheel, an enormous Japanese umbrella. He wore a white suit, dark stockings, white shoes and white yachting cap. First prize for tandem was won by Miss Sybil Seymour and Mr. Arthur Vankoughnet of Toronto, and very beautiful Miss Seymour looked in the midst of the lovely white and pink decorations. A canopy overhead was artistically covered with asparagus fern and white and pink dahlias, and the rest of the wheel was massed lightly with the same flowers, and with white and pink ribbons. Miss Seymour wore colors to match her wheel—pink blouse, white duck skirt and white hat with pink band. Mr. Vankoughnet was also in white, with a band of pink on his hat.

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Wheel and riders won much admiration and many flattering comments. Second prize for tandem went to Miss Fleischmann and Mr. De Witt, whose wheel was also much admired. The decorations were violet, and were most effective.

Miss Althea Birge took first prize for the girls' wheels. Her decorations were yellow sunflowers and ribbons to match. Boys' first prize went to Rousseau Kleiser, and again golden-rod and asters won. Some of the others riding were: Miss Amelie Altman, Miss Gladys Buchanan, Miss Geraldine Beddome, Miss Benson, Miss Reddy, Miss Strauss, Miss Bertha Strauss, Miss Laura Hespeler, Mr. Robert Fraser, Miss Etta Fleischmann, Master Roy Buchanan, Miss Josephine Hoyt, Miss Burtis, Miss Marion Dickson, Miss Marie Foy, Miss F. Foy, Mr. J. Foy, Miss Thompson, Miss Frances Buchanan, Mr. Kent, Mr. Stowe, Mr. E. Kent, Mr. Vankoughnet, Mr. Wright, Mr. Hostetter, Mr. Sankey, Mr. J. Ince, Mr. Ogilvie.

Two of the events on the programme came off after the parade—the kindergarten for girls, won very prettily by Miss Geraldine Beddome first, Miss Laura Hespeler second, and Miss E. Fleischmann third; and the boys' juvenile, in which Master Hugh Labatt came first, Roy Buchanan second, and Charlie DuPuy third.

On Saturday the terrace was crowded with spectators, and rows of carriages lined the street outside. Every event on the programme was either very exciting or extremely funny. Not one was slow, excepting the tortoise race, and that was anything but slow to the on-lookers. It is one thing to run a bicycle sixteen miles an hour, and it is quite another to

pedal so slowly along a two-foot pathway that you neither stop, cross the line, nor come in first. Mr. Wright, however, proved himself equal to the test and came in last, winning men's prize; Miss Marie Foy capturing first ladies', with Miss Gladys Buchanan second. The maidens' scurry was also won by Miss Buchanan, Miss Florence Foy second. The side-saddle race for girls was ridden very gracefully by Miss Gladys Buchanan, who won first prize; Miss Pauline Foy (second); Miss Florence Foy, Miss M. Burtis and Miss Beddome. The obstacle race—one of the most difficult—was won by Mr. Guy Boughton, Mr. Papps coming second.

There was more fun over the needle-and-necktie race than over any during the day. Never did the fair fingers of the girls so quickly and deftly fasten a necktie, and never did the clumsy fingers of the men try harder to find the eye of a needle. There were several tumbles, and lots of laughter, and after one trial, which failed to satisfy the judges, it was all gone over a second time, resulting in first prize going to Miss Sybil Seymour and Mr. Arthur Vankoughnet, second to Mrs. Willie Boughton and Mr. Guy Boughton.

The parasol race came next, and was won by Miss M. Burtis, Mrs. R. H. Fraser second.

The tent-pegging and tankard races were also won by Mr. Guy Boughton, Mr. Vankoughnet coming second in both.

The International Tennis Tournament at the Queen's next week will be, as it always is, one of the greatest events of the season. The five days will be full of excitement and interesting events.

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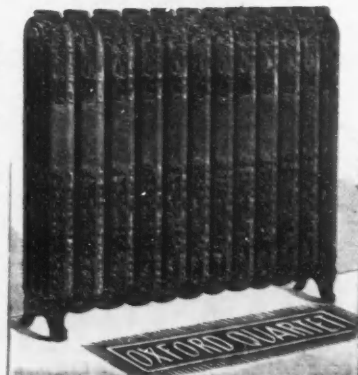
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An Early Instinct.

Benevolent Gentleman—Don't cry, my little man; here's a dime for you. Now tell me what you will do with it?
Small Boy—Match yer to see if it's two or nothin'.

Sale of Costly Furniture.

Attention is called to the preliminary announcement of the unreserved sale on September 15 of the valuable and choice furnishings of No. 26 Gerrard street east, the residence of the late Dr. McFarlane. All the articles are first-class, and there is a most desirable collection of china, plate and bric-a-brac. Mrs. McFarlane, who is going abroad, has instructed Charles M. Henderson & Co. to conduct this important sale, which offers a good opportunity of sterling bargains.

The World's Metropolis.

Church's Auto-Voice School, which has earned such an enviable record for itself in the relief of the stammerer, will remove in the autumn of '97 to London, England. In consequence of this anticipated removal, the coming year will doubtless mark a new record in public services rendered by this reliable institution.

CHINA HALL 49 KING STREET EAST

Royal Worcester

Another assortment of the celebrated ware just to hand, in the newest shapes and decorations.

JOSEPH IRVING IMPORTER

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

HUTCHINSON—On August 8, 1896, at 265 Sherbourne street, Toronto, the wife of W. H. Hutchinson—a daughter.
CARVETH—Aug. 12, Mrs. J. A. Carveth—a daughter.
BLACKLY—Aug. 9, Mrs. Jas. Blackly—twin daughters.
HAY—Cobourg, Aug. 12, Mrs. J. Hay—a son.
WATT—Aug. 4, Mrs. J. L. Watt—a daughter.
DOYLE—Aug. 10, Mrs. J. M. Doyle—a daughter.
BURNS—Aug. 19, Mrs. Douglas Burns—a son.
SMITH—Aug. 19, Mrs. Charles G. Smith—a daughter.

Marriages.

ROBINSON—POWELL—Aug. 17, John Oscar Robinson to Wilma Colborne Powell.
PARRIS—MOSS—Vancouver, Aug. 5, Edward Parris to May Emily Moss.
CRUKSHANK—ALLEN—Aug. 12, Robert C. Cruikshank to Marion Louise Allen.
HIGGINS—DICK—Aug. 15, J. J. Higgins to Etta Dick.
FOSTER—STRACHAN—Rat Portage, Aug. 6, Alexander C. Foster to Minnie Strachan.
MACLEAN—MACDONALD—Aug. 12, Allan E. Maclean to Christina Macdonald.
MCINTOSH—RICHARDSON—Aug. 13, Allan D. McIntosh to Annie K. Richardson.
DUMBLE—ECK—Stony Lake, Aug. 13, Frank H. Dumble to Nellie Eck.
WHALEN—SNEATH—Penetang, Aug. 12, J. J. Whalen to Mary Esther Sneath.
WATSON—EAKIN—Aug. 12, John Watson, M.D., to Laura Eakin.
CONKLIN—BROWN—Aug. 12, James D. Conklin to Laura Brown.
SYKES—WILSON—Aug. 12, William J. Sykes to Alice Maud Wilson.

Deaths.

BALFOUR—August 19, Hon. W. D. Balfour, M.P.P., Provincial Secretary, aged 45.
MERRIFIELD—August 19, Minnie Victoria Medcalf, LANG—August 10, Ernest Aubrey Lang, aged 20.
MERRY—August, Harriet Merry, aged 63.
MICKS—August 9, Beatrice Alberta Micks, aged 17.
CHAIKA—August 13, Phoebe O'Hara, aged 42.
BARTLETT—August 5, James Bartlett, aged 82.
BATTERSBY—August 11, John P. Battersby, aged 21.
MCARD—August 16, Ellen McCard, aged 57.
RYRIE—August 16, Robert W. Ryrie, an infant.
HILL—August 19, Capt. N. T. Hill, aged 62.

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For eighteen years we have been building Columbia Bicycles, constantly improving them, as we have discovered better materials and better methods, until today they rank, not only in America, but in Europe, as the handsomest, strongest, lightest and easiest running bicycles made.



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We appoint but one selling agent in a town, and do not sell to jobbers or middlemen. If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

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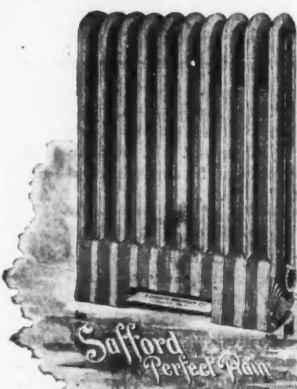
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Renaissance Lace Curtains with Sash Curtains

to match. Also a superb collection of White Brussels and Tambour Curtains from \$3.25 to \$55.00 per pair. "Better values than we have ever shown before."

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Profits of

Legitimate Mining.

What Can Be Done With a Small Capital.

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TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS INVESTED IN OBTAINING GOLD FROM A MINE DIRECT CAN PAY YOU MILLIONS! "Rather a strong statement," you will say; but a true one, nevertheless. Let us look at a few examples:

Three years ago Mr. A. E. Emory of Salt Lake City purchased one-fourth interest in the Silver King Mine for \$4,000. That mine had \$50,000 worth of ore reserves in sight at the time of the purchase, but required \$15,000 worth of machinery to work the property at a profit. With this expense the mine was accordingly developed and brought to such a high state of perfection that Mr. Emory was able to realize \$300,000 for part of his holding, leaving a balance from which he derives an income of \$12,000 a month. ALL THIS FROM AN ORIGINAL INVESTMENT OF \$4,000!

During the panic of 1893 Mr. Delamar of New York City was able to purchase a mine with a million dollars worth of ore reserves in sight for \$250,000 in cash. Mr. David Moffet, the richest man in Colorado, had an option on this property, but was unable to make it good, because of requiring his money to protect his bank. Mr. Delamar took a million dollars from this mine and then sold it to an English syndicate for \$2,165,000. They capitalized it at \$5,000,000, and it has since paid 2 per cent. a month on the capitalization.

With part of the proceeds from this sale Mr. Delamar purchased what is now known as the Great Delamar Mine, in Idaho, which for the last two years has paid \$170,000 per month. Last week a solid mass of gold, weighing 1,500 pounds and worth over \$275,000, was taken out. This is to be exhibited in New York City, as nothing like it has ever been known before.

Six years ago Mr. Delamar was not popularly supposed to be worth enough to buy a row-boat; he is now building a million dollar yacht. Judge Silent of Los Angeles was the owner of what is now known as the "United Verdi Mine" of Arizona; with \$150,000 of ore in sight, he begged, pleaded and coaxed for \$10,000 to buy necessary machinery for working of the same, but could not raise the amount, and was obliged to dispose of the property, selling it for \$50,000, of which only \$5,000 was cash, the balance was to be taken out of the mine.

The purchasers have taken \$5,000,000 out of

this property and now have \$5,000,000 in sight, thus ensuring \$200 for every \$1 invested. Judge Silent is an estimable gentleman of high character and universally respected, but when United Verdi is mentioned to him his remarks are more forcible than polite.

These are a few of the enormous successes that have been derived from purchasing properties that showed a profit on the original investment, and legitimate mining is the ONLY way in which great fortunes have been realized.

You cannot make a fortune buying stock in a company which has capitalized a claim for a hundred times more than it is worth, for, even if the property proves valuable, the difference between what it is worth and what you really paid for it has to be made up before your profit comes in.

The Colorado Gold Mining and Development Company has taken up mining as a business, and only purchases such properties as show a profit on the original investment.

Every stockholder in this company stands on an equal basis, no stock being set aside for an officer, except as it is paid for the same as by any other shareholder, and all are equal partners as their interests may appear.

We may say in passing that we are the only company that offers its stockholders equal chances with its officers and directors. When you become a shareholder in this company you are as much of a miner in proportion to your investment as though the title was vested in you direct. Your proportion of the profits will be in just such ratio as the amount you have invested, and under our plan of buying only such properties as have proven to be of value, and by going in on the same basis, a thousand dollars invested can return you a million.

This opportunity is worthy of your serious consideration, for never before did a small shareholder have an equal chance with the promoters of the company, and we believe every dollar you invest will yield you a handsome profit in return.

We should be pleased to have you join us and receive your subscription for as many or "as few" shares of the above company as will be agreeable to you. Price ten cents per share. Par value one dollar. Full paid and non-assessable.

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